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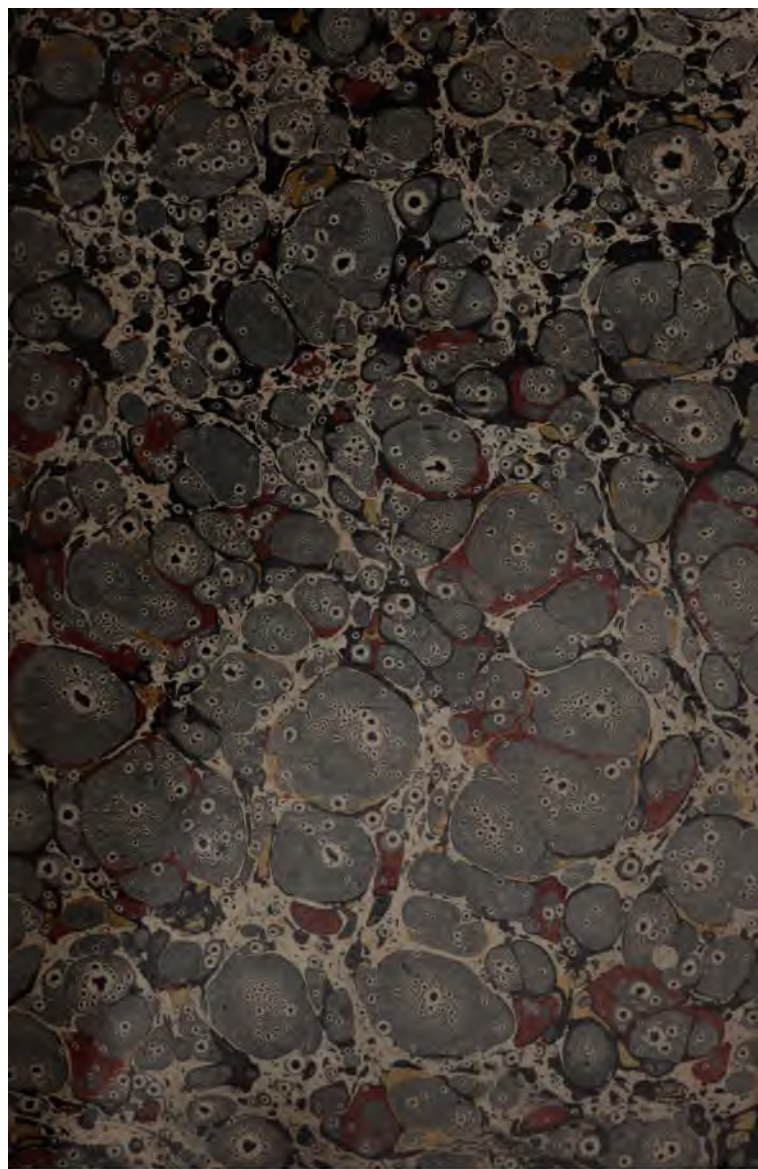
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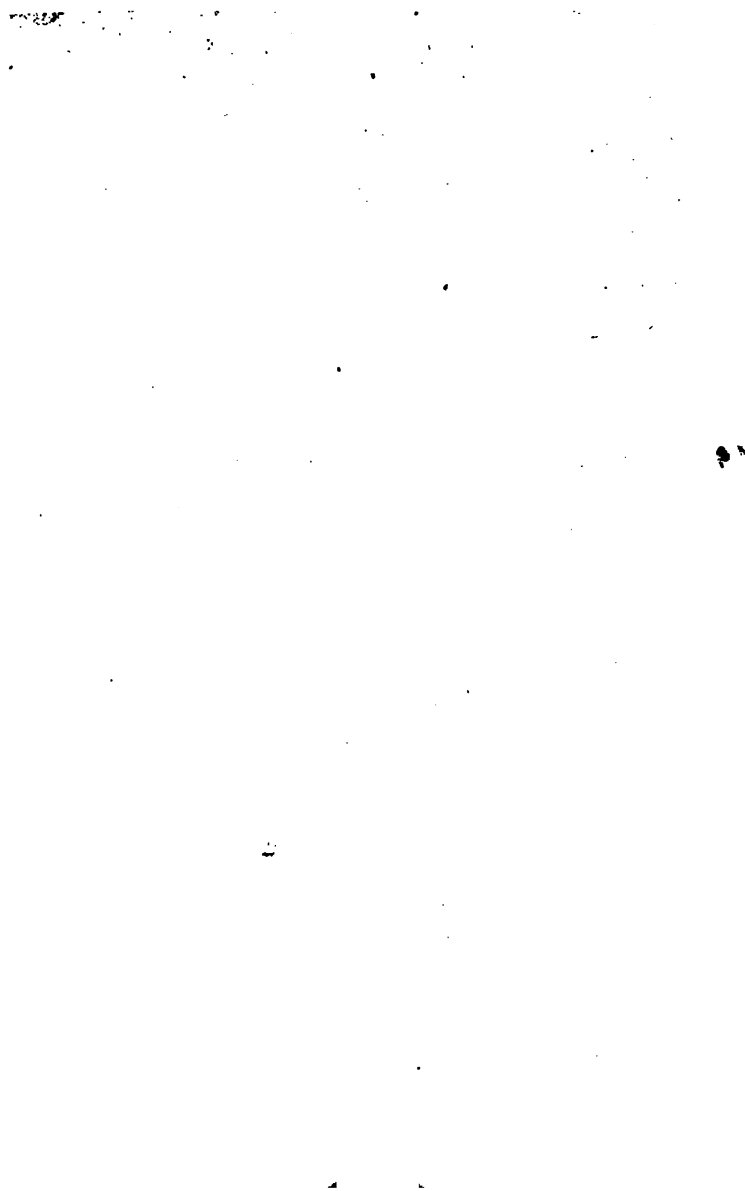
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Edwin Booth's

Prompt-Book of

BRUTUS



Edited by

William Winter.





The Prompt-Book.

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The Prompt-Book.

Edited by William Winter.

Payne's Tragedy

of

Brutus;

Or,

The Fall of Tarquin.

As Presented by

Edwin Booth.



"The jest, the fool, the laughing-stock of the court."

*"There are more fools, my son, in this wise world
Than the gods ever made."*

"The time may come when thou may'st want a fool."

*"The storm rides on,
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.
Strange hopes possess my soul! my thoughts are wild!"*

*"Did not the sibyl tell you
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool."*

"Consul—for Rome I live, not for myself."

*"I will perform all that a Roman should;
I cannot feel less than a father ought."*

"Justice is satisfied and Rome is free."



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Preface.



THIS version of "Brutus" presents much alteration of the tragedy from the form in which it stands among the authentic works of John Howard Payne. The changes originated, for the most part, with the once eminent and honoured tragedian, James Stark—now dead and at rest after many trials and sorrows. They were supplemented with further emendations, made by John McCullough,—from whom the Editor of this volume has derived several useful suggestions for the improvement of the piece,—and by Edwin Booth, whose choice of the text and whose stage-directions are herein pursued and embodied. In this version the tragedy opens with what, in the author's book, is the first scene of act second; proceeds with the first scene of act first and the third scene of act second; and ends its first act with the second scene of the first act of the original. Act second opens with the third scene of act first, and closes with the first scene—that of the imprecation upon Sextus—of act third. The first two acts are thus made to present all the important characters in clearly defined relations to each other and to the dramatic scheme; while the crime against Lucretia and the masquerade practised by Brutus are vividly displayed, and two endings are obtained, of prodigious strength, in which Brutus is the predominant

Prologue to Brutus.



Written by Rev. George Croly. Spoken by H. Kemble, at
Drury Lane, December 3, 1818.



Time rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds,
Ages roll back:—what calls them from their shrouds?
What in full vision brings their good and great,
The men whose virtues make the nation's fate,
The far, forgotten stars of humankind?
The STAGE—the mighty telescope of mind!
If later, luckless arts that stage profane,
The actor pleads—not guilty of the stain:
He but the shadow flung on fashion's tide:
Yours the high will that all its waves must guide:
Your voice alone the great reform secures:
His but the passing hour—the age is yours.

Our pledge is kept. Here *yet* no chargers wheel,
No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,
No Gallick amazons, half naked, climb
From pit to gallery—the low sublime!
In Shakespeare's halls shall dogs and bears engage?
Where brutes are actors be a booth the stage!
And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung
Darkly above—but day shall spring—has sprung:
The tempest has but swept, not shook the shrine;
No lamp that genius lit has ceased to shine!
Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot
Hover high spirits—shapes of burning thought—
Viewless; but call them, on the dazzled eye
Descends their pomp of immortality:

Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern come
 Flashing like meteors through the age's gloom.
 Perpetual here — king of th' immortal band,
 Sits SHAKESPEARE crowned. He lifts the golden wand,
 And all obey; — the visions of the past
 Rise as they lived — soft, splendid, regal, vast.
 Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,
 Then the weird sisters thunder in their cave;
 The spell is wound. Then shows his mightier art
 The Moor's lost soul; the hell of Richard's heart;
 And stamps, in fiery warning to all time,
 "The deep damnation" of a tyrant's crime.

To-night we take our lesson from the tomb:
 'T is thy sad cenotaph, colossal Rome!

How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low;
 Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!
 While o'er thy wreck a host of monks and slaves
 Totter to "seek dishonourable graves."

The story is of Brutus: in that name
 Towered to the sun her eagle's wing of flame!
 When sank her liberty, that name of power
 Poured hallowed splendours round its dying hour.
 The lesson lived for man; that heavenward blaze
 Fixed on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrivalled England! to such memories thou
 This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow;
 Those fixed, when earth was like a grave, thy tread,
 Prophet and warrior, 'twixt the quick and dead:
 Those bade thee war for man; those won the name
 That crowns thee — famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene — we feel no idle fear,
 Sure of the hearts, the British justice here:
 If we deserve it, sure of your applause —
 Then, hear for Rome, for England, for "our cause."

Persons Represented.



SEXTUS, }
ARUNS, } *Sons to Tarquin The Proud, King of Rome.*
CLAUDIUS, }
COLLATINUS.
LUCIUS JUNIUS, *surnamed BRUTUS.*
TITUS, *Son to Lucius Junius.*
VALERIUS, }
LUCRETIVS, } *Roman Patricians.*
HORATIUS, }
CORUNNA, *a Roman General.*
A CENTURION.
A MESSENGER.
FIRST ROMAN.
SECOND ROMAN.
THIRD ROMAN.
TULLIA, *Wife to Tarquin, and Queen of Rome.*
TARQUINIA, *Daughter to Tullia.*
LUCRETIA, *Wife to Collatinus, and Daughter to Lucretius.*
LAVINIA, *Maid to Lucretia.*
PRIESTESS OF RHEA.
A VESTAL.
LICTORS, SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, ATTENDANTS, VESTALS,
ETC.

Place and Time.



SCENE.—*In Rome; in Collatia; and in the Camp before Ardea.*
PERIOD.—509 B. C.
TIME OF ACTION.—*About four days.*

BRUTUS;
OR, THE FALL OF TARQUIN.



Act First.

Scene First. { THE TENT OF SEXTUS, IN THE CAMP,
BEFORE ARDEA. TABLE SPREAD FOR
BANQUET. SEXTUS, ARUNS, CLAUDIUS,
AND COLLATINUS DISCOVERED, FEAST-
ING.

Sex.

Come, then, here 's to the fairest nymph in Italy,
And she 's in Rome.

Aruns.

Here 's to the fairest nymph in Italy ;
And she is not in Rome.

Sex.

Where is she, then ?

Aruns.

Ask Collatine ; he 'll swear she 's at Collatia.

Sex.

His wife !

Aruns.

Even so.

Clau.

Is it so, Collatine ?
Well, 't is praiseworthy, in this vicious age,
To see a young man true to his own spouse.



BRUTUS.

O, 't is a vicious age! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer against
The wind of tide and custom, I behold him
With veneration. 'T is a vicious age!

Col.

Laugh on, though I 'm the subject! If to love
My wife 's ridiculous, I 'll join the laugh;
Though I 'll not say if I laugh at, or with you!

Aruns.

The conscious wood was witness to his sighs,
The conscious Dryads wiped their watery eyes,
For they beheld the wight forlorn, to-day,
And so did I; —but I shall not betray.
Here now he is, however, thanks to me;—
That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells hence.
How was it when you parted? She: "My love,
Fear not, good sooth, I 'll very constant prove."

[*Spoken in satirical min*

He: "So will I, for wheresoe'er I steer,
'T is but my mortal clay; my soul is here."

[*All laugh except Colla*

Sex.

And prithee, Collatine, in what array
Did the god Hymen come to thee? how dressed,
And how equipped? I fear me much he left
His torch behind, so that thou couldst not see
A fault in thy beloved; or was the blaze
So burning bright that thy bedazzled eyes
Have since refused their office?

Col.

And doth Sextus
Judge by his own experience, then, of others?
To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's torch
Discovered faults enough; what pity 't was
He had not likewise brought i' th' other hand
A mirror, where the prince might read himself.

BRUTUS.

Sex.

I like thee now : thou 'rt gay, and I 'll be grave.
As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
Hear what my own experience has taught me :
I 've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful fancies,
And fruitful in resources when discovered.
They love unceasingly, they never change —
O, never ! — no ! — excepting in the object.
Love of new faces is their first great passion ;
Then love of riches, grandeur, and attention.
Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,
But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
Humour their darling passion, and am blest.

Col.

This is the common cant — the stale, gross, idle,
Unmeaning jargon — of all those, who, conscious
Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
With timid eye the face of modest virtue ;
Who, mingling only with the base, and flushed
With triumphs over those they dare attack,
The weak, the forward, or depraved, declare —
And fain would make their shallow notions current —
That womankind are all alike, and hoot
At virtue, wheresoe'er she passes by them.
I have seen sparks like these, and I have seen
A little worthless village cur all night
Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
While she, serene, throned in her pearlèd car,
Sailed in full state along : but Sextus' judgment
Owns not his words, and the resemblance glances
On others, not on him.

Sex.

Let it glance where and upon whom it will,
Sextus is mighty careless of the matter.
Now hear what I have seen. I 've seen young men,
Who, having fancied they have found perfection —

BRUTUS.

Col.

Sextus, no more — lest I forget myself,
And thee. I tell thee, prince — [All

Aruns.

Nay, hold !
Sextus, you go too far.

Sex.

Why, pray, good sir, may I not praise the wife
Of this same testy, froward husband here,
But on his cheek offence must quivering sit,
And fancied insult ? — the abortive child
Of misconstruction, whose near-sighted eye
Discerns not jest from real !

Col.

I heed you not — jest on ; I 'll aid your humour :
Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise ;
But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject —
Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
Who can sit still, and hear, with skulking coolness,
The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,
Cast on the woman whom he loves !

Aruns.

If that a man might dare to ope his lips
When Collatinus frowns, I would presume
To say one word in praise of my own wife ;
And I will say, could our eyes stretch to Rome,
In spite of the perfections of Lucretia,
My wife, who loves her fireside, and hates gadding,
Would prove far otherwise employed — and better,
Ay, better, as a woman, than the deity
Residing at Collatia.

Sex.

[A

Well timed ! I 'll seize the occasion,
View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy

My senses whether fame has told the truth.

I 'll stake my life on 't—let us mount our horses,

[*To Collatinus.*

And post away this instant towards Rome—

That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,

Making the most of this, their liberty.

Why, 't is the sex : enjoying to the full

The swing of licence which their husbands' absence

Affords. I 'll stake my life that this is true,

And that my own—ill as I may deserve it—

Knows her state best, keeps best within the bounds

Her matron duties claim ; that she 's at home,

While yours are feasting at their neighbours' houses.

What say'st thou, Collatine, on rioting at home?

Col.

Had I two lives, I 'd stake them on the trial,

Nor fear to live both out.

Sex.

Let us away.

Come, come, my Collatinus, droop not thus,

Be gay.

Col.

I am not sad —

Sex.

But fearful for th' event.

Col.

Not in the least.

Sex.

A little.

Col.

Not a whit:

You do not know Lucretia.

Sex.

But we shall.

Let's lose no time. Come, brothers, let's away!

[*Exeunt.—Change.*]

Scene Second. { A STREET IN ROME. ENTER VALERIUS
AND LUCRETIUS.

Val.

Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin.
By poison he obtained his brother's wife;
Then by a baser murder grasped the crown.
These eyes beheld the aged monarch thrown
Down from the Senate-House, his feeble limbs
Bruised by the pavement, his time-honoured locks,
Which from the very robber would have gained
Respect and veneration, bathed in blood:
With difficulty raised, and tottering homeward,—
The murderers followed—struck him—and he died.

Lucretius.

Inexpiable crime !

Val.

High in her regal chariot Tullia came.
The corse lay in the street: the charioteer
Tugged back the steeds in horror. “On, slave, on!
Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne?”
Exclaimed the parricide. The gore was dashed
From the hot wheels up to her diadem.

Lucretius.

And heaven's avenging lightnings were withheld.
Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband,
Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war.
Spirit of Marcus Junius! would the gods
Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land,
Rome from her trance with giant spirit would start,
Dash off her fetters, and amaze the world.

Val.

Junius, didst say? O, tyranny long since
Had sunk, chained—buried, in its native hell!
But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murdered

Him and his elder son. The younger, Lucius,
Then on his travels, 'scaped the tyrant's sword,
But lost his reason at their fearful fall.

Lucretius.

Ay, the same Lucius, who now dwells with Tarquin,
The jest, the fool, the laughing-stock o' th' court —
Whom the young princes always carry with 'em
To be the butt of their unfeeling mirth.

Val.

Hold! I hear steps. Great things may yet be done,
If we are men and faithful to our country.

[*Exeunt.—Change.*]

Scene Third. { COLLATIA. THE HOUSE OF COLLATINUS.
A ROOM, LIGHTED. LUCRETIA, WITH
LAVINIA AND OTHER ATTENDANT LADIES,
DISCOVERED. ALL ARE AT WORK ON
EMBROIDERY, ETC.

Lucretia.

How long is it, Lavinia, since my lord
Hath changed his peaceful mansion for the camp
And restless scenes of war?

Lav.

Why, in my simple estimation, madam,
'T is some ten days or thereabout, for time
Runs as it should with me; in yours, it may be
Perhaps ten years.

Lucretia.

I do not understand thee:
Say 'st thou with me time runs not as it should?
Explain thy meaning: what should make thee think so?

BRUTUS.

Lav.

All that I mean is, that if I were married,
And that my husband were called forth to the wars,
I should not stray through the grove next my house,
Invoke the pensive solitude, and woo
The dull and silent melancholy ; brood
O'er my own thoughts, alone ; or keep myself
Within my house mewed up, a prisoner.
'T is for philosophers to love retirement.
Women were not made
To stand cooped up like statues in a niche,
Or feed on their own secret contemplations.

Lucretia.

Go to—thou know'st not what thou say'st, Lavinia.
I thank the gods, who taught me that the mind,
Possessed of conscious virtue, is more rich
Than all the sunless hoards which Plutus boasts ;
And that the chiefest glory of a woman
Is in retirement ; that her highest comfort
Results from home-born and domestic joys ;
The noblest treasure a deserving husband,
Who, not a prisoner to the eye alone,
A fair complexion or melodious voice,
Shall read her deeper ; nor shall time, which palls
The rage of passion, shake his ardent love—
Increasing by possession. This,—again I thank
The gracious gods,—this husband too is mine !
Soft—I hear footsteps. Hour of rapture ! look !
My love, my life, my Collatinus comes.

[*Enter Collatinus, Claudius, Aruns, and Sextus* L. 1

My lord, most welcome !

Col.

Welcome these, my friends,
Lucretia ! —our right royal master's sons.
Passing this way, I have prevailed with them
To grace our humble mansion.

BRUTUS.

Lucretia.

Welcome yourself,
And doubly welcome, that you bring such friends.
Haste, maidens, haste, make ready for our guests!
[*Exeunt Lavinia, and other la.*
My heart is full of joy!

Aruns.

Rather, fair lady,
You should be angry that unseasonably,
And with abrupt intrusion, we 've thus broke
Upon your privacy.

Lucretia.

No, my good lord;
Those to whom love and my respect are due
Can ne'er intrude upon me; had I known
This visit, you, perhaps, might have been treated
With better cheer, not a more kind reception.
This evening little did I think my house
Would have possessed such lodgers.

Clau.

Rather, lady,
Such birds of passage; we must hence to-night.

Lucretia.

To-night? doth not my lord say no to that?

Col.

I would, Lucretia; but it cannot be.
If aught the house affords, my dearest love,
To set before your guests, I pray prepare it:
We must be at the camp ere morning dawn.
An hour or two will be the utmost limit
Allowed us here.

Lucretia.

With all the speed I can,
I 'll play the caterer; though I am tempted,



Would that delay your journey, to be tardy,
And prove a sluggish housewife.

[*Exit R.*

Sex.

This is indeed a wife ! Here the dispute
Must end ;
And, Collatinus, we must yield to thee !

Aruns.

I will not envy thee ; but 't is a wife
Of wives,—a precious diamond, picked
From out the common pebbles. To have found her
At work among her maids at this late hour,
And not displeased at our rude interruption !
Not to squeeze out a lame apology,
As, “ I am quite ashamed—so unprepared—
Who could have thought—would I had known of it ! ”
And such like tacit hints, to tell her guests
She wishes them away ! Thou 'rt happy, Collatine.

Col.

Enough, enough !
The gods forbid I should affect indifference,
And say you flatter me. I am most happy.
But Sextus heeds us not ; he seems quite lost.

Sex.

Pray, pardon me :
My mind was in the camp. How wine could heat us
To such a mad exploit, at such a time,
Is shameful to reflect on : let us mount
This instant, and return.

Col.

Now we are here,
We shall encroach but little on our time,
If we partake the slender fare together
Which will, by this, await us. Pray, my lords,
This way.

Sex.

Along! I'll follow straight.

[*Exeunt Collatinus, Aruns, and Claudius R.*

Had she staid here till now, I should have done
Nothing but gaze.

But there's no hope! Her face,
Her look, her eye, her manners, speak a heart
Unknowing of deceit; a soul of honour,
Where frozen chastity hath fixed her throne,
And unpolluted nuptial sanctity.
Peace, undigested thoughts! down, down—till ripened
By further time, ye bloom!

[*Exit R.—Scene changes.*

Scene Fourth.—THE CAMP, BEFORE ARDEA.

[*Enter Claudius and Aruns, laughing.*

Aruns.

There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius.
What precious scenes of folly did he act
When, lately, through the glorious land of Greece,
He went with us to Delphi! But behold,
Where, full of business, his wise worship comes.

[*Enter Lucius Junius, surnamed Brutus.—This name is bestowed upon him by Tullia, in the first scene of the Second Act.*

Clau.

Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?

Luc. Jun.

To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.
The state needs aid, and I am called to court.

[*Claudius and Aruns laugh.*

Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say
I'm the first fool graced by a monarch's favour.

Aruns.

Why, Junius, travel has improved thy wit.
Thou speakest shrewdly.

Luc. Jun.

Do I so, my lord?
I'm always glad when you and I agree;
You have just such a wit as I should choose.
Would I could purchase such! though it might split
My head, as confined air does—water bubbles!

Clau.

How say you? Purchase? Prithee, what wouldst give?

Luc. Jun.

What would I give? — ten acres of my land.

Aruns.

Thy land! Where lies it?

Luc. Jun.

Ask the king, my cousin:
He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,
And takes the trouble off my hands.

Clau.

Who told thee so?

Luc. Jun.

The king himself. Now twenty years are past,
Or more, since he sent for me from my farm.
"Kinsman," said he, with a kind, gracious smile,
"For the black crime of treason which was charged
Against thy father and thy elder brother,
Their lives have paid: for thee, as I love mercy,
Live and be happy: simple is thy mind ——"

Aruns.

True, kinsman, true — i' faith, 't is wondrous simple.

Luc. Jun.

"And that simplicity will be a pledge
That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign."

Clau.

Indeed, for that I 'll be thy bondsman, Junius.

Luc. Jun.

"Live in my house, companion of my children.
As for thy land, to ease thee of all care,
I 'll take it for thy use ; all that I ask
Of thee is gratitude."

Aruns.

And art thou not
Grateful for goodness so unmerited ?

Luc. Jun.

Am I not ? Never, by the holy gods,
Will I forget it ! 'T is my constant prayer
To heaven, that I may one day have the power
To pay the debt I owe him. But stay, stay —
I brought a message to you from the king.

Aruns.

Thank the gods, then, for thy good memory, fool !

Luc. Jun.

The king, your father, sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming ?

Clau.

Ay, or behind, or with us, or stay here,
As thy wits prompt, as suits thy lofty pleasure.

[*Exeunt Aruns and Claudius, laughing.*]

Luc. Jun.

Yet, 't is not that which ruffles me : the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill-governed youth,
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters —
Reptiles, who lay their bellies in the dust
Before the frown of majesty : — all this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear ; the face
I carry courts it ! Son of Marcus Junius,
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
And throw this vizer of thy madness from thee,
To avenge my father's and my brother's murder ? —
And sweet, I must confess, would be the draught ! —
Had this been all, a thousand opportunities
I've had to strike the blow, and my own life
I had not valued as a rush ; but still
There's something nobler to be done ! — My soul,
Enjoy the strong conception ! — O, 't is glorious
To free a groaning country —
To see Revenge
Spring like a lion from the den, and tear
These hunters of mankind. Grant but the time,
Grant but the moment, gods ! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feignèd life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool !

CURTAIN.



Act Second.

Scene first. { ROME. AN APARTMENT OF STATE IN THE
PALACE OF TULLIA.

[*Enter Tullia, preceded by Guards, Ladies, and other Attendants, and followed by Valerius.*

Tul.

[*Aside.*

Why should the steady mind to shadows yield?
And yet this vision shakes my frame with horror!
I thought his spirit thundered in my ear,
"Remember when, with wild ambition's frenzy
And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove
Your chariot-wheels o'er your dead father's body,
Up to the shouting Forum!" Why, my soul,
Dost thou not shun remembrance of that hour?
'T was but the cause, the cause; for this base clay,—
How differs it from the dull earth we tread on,
When the life 's gone? But next, the Sibyl came,
Whose mystic book at such a price we bought,
And cried, "The race of Tarquin shall be kings
Till a fool drive them hence, and set Rome free!"
Strange prophecy! What fool? It cannot be
That poor dolt, the companion of my sons!
Hark thee, Valerius; know'st thou that same fool

[*To Valerius.*

Now in the camp?

Val.

I know him well,—a man
Who, when he had a name, was Lucius Junius:
A braver citizen Rome never boasted,
And wise and learned withal; now changed, alas!—
A spectacle which humbles me to look on!

Tul.

But is he harmless in his moody humours?

Val.

Tame as my horse, which, though devoid of reason,
Shall turn, shall stop, and at my angry bidding
Shall kneel till I am thronèd on his back !
And this shall Junius : the like instinct stirs
Junius and him ; no more.

*Tul.**[Aside.*

Hence, idle fears !
Yet, when he went to Delphi, 't is given out
The oracle addressed him with strange portents ;
And each night since my dreams have been disturbed
By a wild form, too much resembling his,
Leading our soldiers forth with sword and flame,
Revolters from the camp, to storm the palace.
But he is sent from thence, and shall be watched.

*[Enter Horatius L.**Horatius.*

Your orders are obeyed : Lucius awaits.

Tul.

Set him before us.
Tell me, will he answer
If we do question him ?

*[Exit Horatius L.**[To Valerius.**Val.*

I think he will :
Yet sometimes, when the moody fit doth take him,
He will not speak for days ; yea, rather starve
Than utter nature's cravings ; then, anon
He 'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
As almost betters reason.

*[Horatius returns with Lucius Junius L.**Tul.*

Hark thee, fellow,
How art thou called ?

Luc. Jun.

A fool.

Tul.

Fool, for thy nature
Thou answerest well; but I demand thy name.

Luc. Jun.

Nothing but fool.

Tul.

His faculties are brutish.
Brutus shall be thy name. *[Aside.*
To Lucius Junius.

Bru.

Thanks to your grace.

Horatius.

Dost like thy new name, gentle brute?

Bru.

So well,
Who will may take the fool, I care not who—
Your highness, an' it like you.

Horatius.

I the fool!
Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten.

Bru.

A fool thou wilt not beat, a brute thou dar'st not,
For the dull ass will kick against his striker,
If struck too harshly.

Tul.

Let me hear no more;
There 's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.
But stay, I 'll search him further. Hark thee, Brutus:
Thou wast at Delphi, with our sons the princes;
Tell me what questions put they to Apollo?
[All give eager attention to this.

Bru.

Your sons did ask who should be chief in Rome.

Tul.

Ha! What replied the oracle to that?

Bru.

With pains and strugglings the prophetic dame
This destiny reported from her god:
"Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,
Who first shall greet his mother with a kiss."

Tul.

That is fulfilled by Sextus.

Horatius.

Ay, he straight
Hastened from thence and kissed the queen his mother.

Bru.

Woe for me, I have no mother!
And yet I kissed her first.

Tul.

Thou kissed her? Thou?

Bru.

Yea, madam; for just then my foot did slip
In the fresh blood of a new-slaughtered victim,
And, falling, I did kiss my mother—earth. [All start.

Tul.

O, that the earth had swallowed thee outright
Till thou hadst kissed the centre! I perceive,
The gods are leagued with folly to destroy us.
My very blood chills at my heart. Away!

[Flourish. Exeunt Tullia and Attendants c.

Horatius.

Hark thee, thou Brutus. I in part suspect
Thou ap'st this folly ; if I find thee trifling
Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
By all the gods, I 'll have thee flayed, thy skin
Stripped into thongs, to strangle thee withal.
Dissembling varlet ! *[Strikes Brutus, who seizes him.*
[Horatius draws dagger.

Val.

Shame, my lord ! forbear !
Threat'ning a fool, you do but wrong yourself.

Horatius.

But that the princes love his son, brave Titus,
My dagger should have pierced his throat ere now
And sent him to his mother earth forever !
He shall be watched. Come, come with me, Valerius.
[Exit c.

Val.

The gods restore thee, Brutus, to thyself,
And us to thee ! *[Exit c.*

Bru.

A little longer,
A little longer yet support me, patience !
The day draws on : it presses to the birth,
I see it in the forming womb of time,—
The embryo liberty. Ha, 't is my son !
Down, rebel nature, down !
[Enter Titus R. I. E.

Tit.

Welcome to Rome !
Would I might welcome thee to reason, too !

Bru.

Give me thy hand—nay, give it me.

Tit.

What wouldst thou ?
Speak to thy son.

Bru.

I had a thing to say,
But I have lost it. Let it pass; no matter.

Tit.

Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak;
What is it that annoys thee? tell thy friend:
How can I serve thee? What dost lack?

Bru.

Preferment.
Thou canst do much at court.

Tit.

Ah, this is nothing!

Bru.

So much the fitter for a fool's petition,
And a court promise.

Tit.

O, this trifling racks me.

Bru.

Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is—
Nay, ponder it, and lock it in thy heart—
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world,
Than the gods ever made.

Tit.

Say'st thou, my father?
Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or, knowing, to achieve, declare it.

Bru.

Now, my son,
Should the great gods, who made me what thou see'st,
Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again,
What wouldst thou say?



Tit.

O, my lamented father,
Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason —

Bru.

Then, Titus, then I should be mad with reason.
Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs,
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods
To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,
None but the fool is happy.

Tit.

We are Romans,
Not slaves —

Bru.

Not slaves? Why, what art thou?

Tit.

Thy son.
Dost thou not know me?

Bru.

You abuse my folly.
I know thee not. Wert thou my son, ye gods,
Thou wouldst tear off this sycophantic robe,
Tuck up thy tunic, trim these curlèd locks
To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed;
Then, scouring through the city, call to arms,
And shout for liberty!

*Tit.**[Starts.*

Defend me, gods!

Bru.

Ha! does it stagger thee?

Tit.

For liberty?
Said'st thou for liberty? It cannot be.

Bru.

Indeed! 'T is well — no more.

Tit.

What would my father?

Bru.

Begone! you trouble me.

Tit.

Nay, do not scorn me.

Bru.

Said I, for liberty? I said it not:
The awful word, breathed in a coward's ear,
Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!
Said I you were my son? 'T is false; I 'm foolish;
My brain is weak, and wanders; you abuse it.

Tit.

Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave me.

Bru.

Anger? What 's that? I am content with folly:
Anger is madness, and above my aim! [*Music heard.*
Hark! here is music for thee,—food for love,—
And beauty to serve in the rich repast.
Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit L. I. E.*

Tit.

O, truly said! bright as the golden sun
Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore!

[*Tarquinia enters, preceded by Women bearing a
crown of gold, together with palms for the cere-
monial of a dedication to Fortune.*

What dedication, or what holy service,
Doth the fair client of the gods provide?
In the celestial synod is there one
Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer?

Tar.

I go to Fortune's temple, to suspend
Upon the votive shrine this golden crown.
While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
Are chaunted for my brother's safe return,
What shall I ask for Titus?

Tit.

Though the goddess
In her blind bounty should unthrone the world
To build me one vast empire, my ambition,
If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift :
Therefore of Fortune I have nought to ask ;
She hath no interest in Tarquinia's heart ;
Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me there.

Tar.

Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endeared thee,
Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia.
My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart ;
The queen herself, of all our courtly youth,
First in her favour holds the noble Titus ;
And, though my noble father well may keep
A jealous eye upon thy Junian race,—
A race unfriendly to the name of king,—
Yet thee he cherishes : with generous joy
The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
And, with a parent's fondness, rears its growth.

Tit.

O, neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
On my afflicted head, not all the praise
That patriot gratitude could shower upon me,
Can shake the faithful purpose of my soul,
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

Tar.

Approve that firmness in the shock of trial,
And, if my love can recompense thy virtue,

Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the temple.

[*Music.—Exeunt C.—Scene changes.*]

Scene Second. { ROME. THE CAPITOL. EQUESTRIAN
STATUE OF TARQUIN THE PROUD, C.
NIGHT. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

[*Enter Brutus.*]

Bru.

Slumber forsakes me, and I court the horrors
Which night and tempest swell on every side.
Launch forth thy thunders, Capitolian Jove!
Put fire into the languid souls of men;
Let loose thy ministers of wrath amongst them,
And crush the vile oppressor! Strike him down,
Ye lightnings! Lay his trophies in the dust!

[*Storm increases.*]

Ha! this is well! Flash, ye blue-forked fires!
Loud-bursting thunders, roar! and tremble, earth!

[*Loud peal of thunder. The statue of Tarquin is struck by a flash of lightning, is shattered to pieces, and falls in fragments.*]

What! fallen at last, proud idol, struck to earth!
I thank you, gods! I thank you! When you point
Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,
'T is wisdom levels the commissioned blow.
But I—a thing of no account—a slave—
I to your forkèd lightnings bare my bosom
In vain, for what 's a slave—a dastard slave—
A fool, a Brutus?

[*Sounds of tempest very loud.*]

Hark! the storm rides on,
The scolding winds drive through the clattering rain,

And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.
Strange hopes possess my soul : my thoughts grow wild,
Engender with the scene, and pant for action.
With your leave, majesty, I 'll sit beside you,
And ruminate awhile. [*Sits on a fragment of the statue.*
O, for a cause ! A cause, ye mighty gods !
Soft, what stir is this ?

[*Enter Valerius, followed by a Messenger* L. U. E.

Val.

What ! Collatinus sent for, didst thou say ?

Mess.

Ay, Collatinus, thou, and all her kinsmen,
To come upon the instant to Collatia ;
She will take no denial. Time is precious,
And I must hasten forth to bring her husband. [*Exit R.*

Bru.

[*Aside.*

Ha ! Collatinus and Lucretia's kinsmen !
There 's something sure in this. Valerius, too !
Well met. Now will I put him to the test.
Valerius, ho !

Val.

[*Turning back.*

Who calls me ?

Bru.

Brutus.

Val.

Go,
Get thee to bed !

[*Valerius is departing R.*

Bru.

Valerius !

Val.

Peace,
Thou foolish thing ! Why dost thou call so loud ?

Bru.

Because I will be heard ! The time may come
When thou may'st want a fool.

Val.

Prithee, begone!
I have no time to hear thy prattle now.

Bru.

By Hercules, but you must hear. [*Seizing his arm.*

Val.

You 'll anger me.

Bru.

Waste not your noble anger on a fool!
'T were a brave passion in a better cause.

Val.

Thy folly 's cause enough.

Bru.

Rail not at folly,
There 's but one wise, and him the gods have killed.

Val.

Killed? Whom? [*Thunder.*

Bru.

[*Pointing to the shattered statue.*

Behold!
O, sight of pity! Majesty in ruins!
Down on your knees, down to your kingly idol!

Val.

Let slaves and sycophants do that. Not I!

Bru.

Wilt thou not kneel?

Val.

Begone;
Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.

Bru.

Indeed! Belike you wish him laid as low?

Val.

What if I do ?

[*Thunder.**Bru.*

Jove tells thee what to do! Strike!
O, the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath and thine!
He, at the crownèd tyrant aims his shaft;
Thou, mighty man, wouldst frown a fool to silence,
And spurn poor Brutus from thee.

Val.

What is this ?
Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind,
That long-lost jewel, found ? and Lucius Junius,
Dear to my heart, restored ? Or art thou Brutus,
The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit
Of intermittent reason ?

Bru.

I am Brutus !
Folly, be thou my goddess ! I am Brutus,
If thou wilt use me so ; if not, farewell !
Why dost thou pause ? Look on me ! I have limbs,
Parts and proportions, shoulders strong to bear,
And hands not slow to strike ! What more than Brutus
Could Lucius Junius do ?

Val.

A cause like ours
Asks both the strength of Brutus, and the wisdom
Of Lucius Junius. [*Noise outside.*

Bru.

No more — we 're interrupted.

Val.

Farewell. Hereafter, we 'll discourse.
And may the gods confirm the hope you 've raised !
[*Exit.*

Bru.

My soul expands ! My spirit swells within me,
As if the glorious moment were at hand !

Sure this is Sextus. Why has he left the camp—
Alone—and muffled?

[Enter Sextus R. U. E., wrapped in a mantle.]
Welcome, gentle prince!

Sex.

Ha! Brutus here!—unhoused amid the storm?

Bru.

Whence com'st thou, prince? from battle? from the camp?

Sex.

Not from the camp, good Brutus—from Collatia—
The camp of Venus, not of Mars, good Brutus.

Bru.

Ha!

Sex.

Why dost thou start? Thy kinswoman, Lucretia——

Bru.

Well, what of her? speak!

Sex.

Ay, I will speak,
And I'll speak that shall fill thee with more wonder
Than all the lying oracle declared.

Bru.

Nay, prince, not so; you cannot do a deed
To make me wonder.

Sex.

Indeed! Dost think it?
Then let me tell thee, Brutus: wild with passion
For this famed matron,—though we met but once,—
Last night I stole in secret from the camp,
Where, in security, I left her husband.
She was alone. I said affairs of consequence
Had brought me to Collatia. She received me
As the king's son, and as her husband's friend——

Bru.[*Aside.*

Patience, O heart! — a moment longer, patience!

Sex.

When midnight came, I crept into her chamber —

Bru.[*Aside.*

Inhuman monster!

Sex.

Alarmed and frantic,
She shrieked out, "Collatinus! Husband! Help!"
A slave rushed in — I sprung upon the caitiff,
And drove my dagger through his clamorous throat;
Then, turning to Lucretia, now half dead
With terror, swore, by all the gods, at once,
If she resisted, to the heart I'd stab her;
Yoke her fair body to the dying slave,
And fix pollution to her name forever!

Bru.

And — and — the matron? —

Sex.

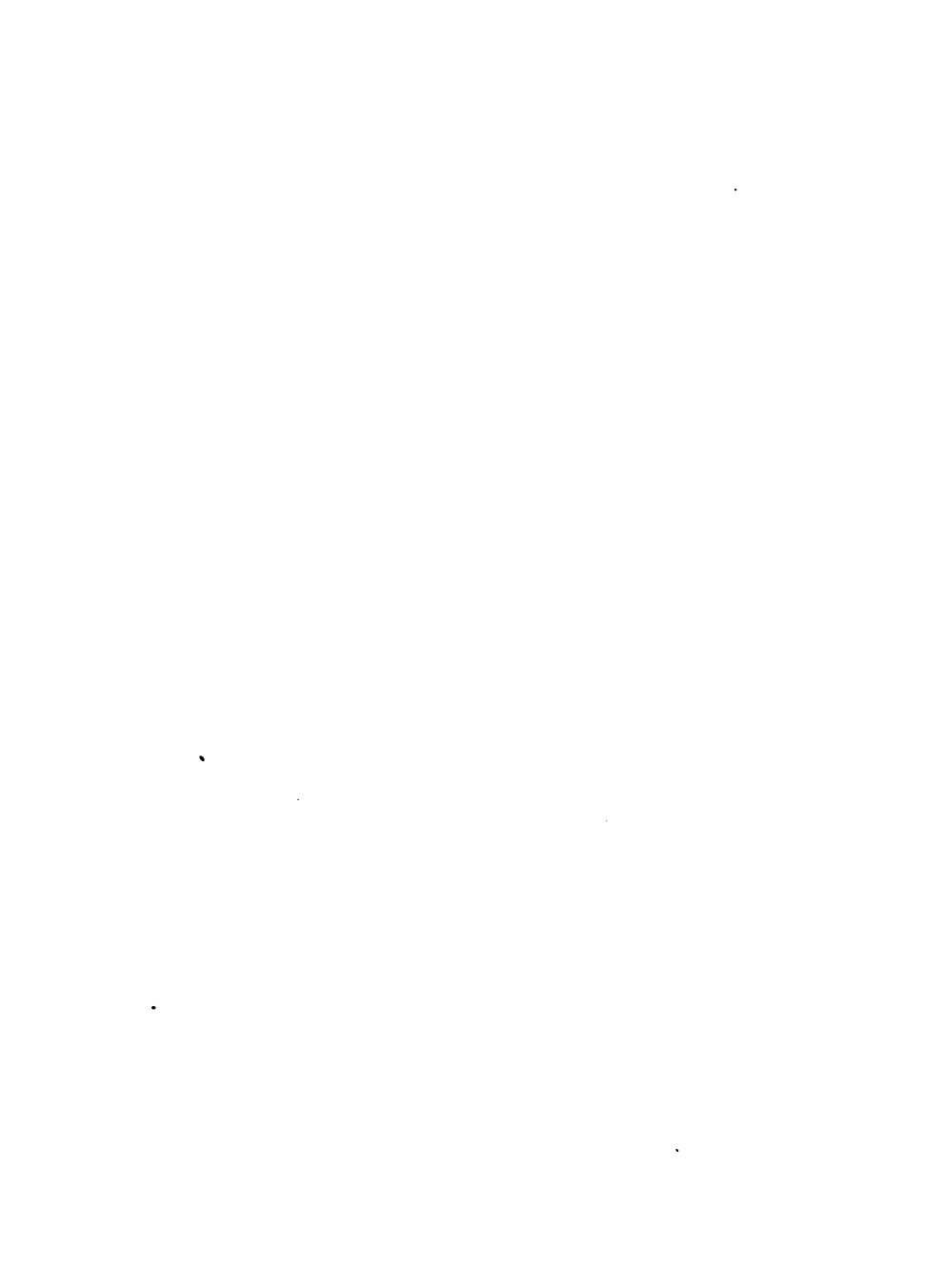
Was mine! was mine!

Bru.

The furies curse you, then! lash you with snakes!
When forth you walk, may the red flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues!
Vipers that die not slowly gnaw your heart!
May earth be to you but one wilderness!
May you hate yourself,
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring!

Sex.

Amazement! What can mean this sudden frenzy?



Bru.

What? Violation! Do we dwell in dens,
In caverned rocks, or amongst men, in Rome?
[*Thunder and lightning very loud.*
Hear the loud curse of heaven! 'T is not for nothing
The thunderer keeps this coil above your head!
Look on that ruin! See your father's statue
Unhorsed and headless! Tremble at the omen!

Sex.

This is not madness. Ha! my dagger lost!
Wretch! thou shalt not escape me. Ho! a guard!
The rack shall punish thee. A guard, I say! [*Exit L.*

Bru.

The blow is struck! the anxious messages
To Collatinus and his friends explained:
And now, Rome's liberty or loss is certain!
I 'll hasten to Collatia, join my kinsmen.
To the moon, folly! Vengeance, I embrace thee!
[*Exit R. I. E.*

CURTAIN.



Act Third.

Scene First. { COLLATIA. APARTMENT IN THE HOUSE
OF COLLATINUS. LUCRETIA, COLLA-
TINUS, LUCRETIUS, VALERIUS, LADIES
AND ATTENDANTS, DISCOVERED.

Lucretia.

Bear witness, then, Lucretia's mind is guiltless ;
Yet never can Lucretia smile again.
Lost to herself, her husband, and her child ;
Lost to the world, her country, and her friends ;
The arms of love can pillow her no more,
And the sweet smile of her dear innocent babe
Would but awaken her to deeper anguish.
And shall she live, bereft of all life's treasures,
The spectre of the past forever rising
To fright her into madness ? Think not, countrymen,
Indignant virtue can survive pollution.
By her own hand a Roman wife can fall. [*Stabs herself.*
'T is to the heart ! Tarquin, the blow was thine ! [*Falls.*

Col.

Beloved, unhappy wife ! What hast thou done ?

Lucretia.

A deed of glory. Now, my husband, now
With transport can I press thee to my bosom.
Father and kinsmen, ye can own me now !
My pure soul springs from its detested prison !
Virtue exults ! The gods applaud my daring !
And to our dear, loved babe, I can bequeath
A mother's noblest gift—a spotless name ! [*Dies.*

Lucretius.

Staff of my age — gone, gone, forever gone !
A wretched father's last and only joy !
Come, death, strike here ; your shaft were welcome now !
Snatch me from earth to my poor, lost, loved child !

Col.

My wife ! my wife ! Dear, dear, wronged, murdered wife !
Let me be rooted here in endless sorrow.
Who, who shall dare to mourn her loss like me ?

[*Enter Brutus L. I. E.*

Bru.

I dare ! [All start.
And so dare every honest Roman.

Lucretius.

Whence comes this mad intrusion ? Hence, begone !

Bru.

The noble spirit fled ! How died Lucretia ?

Val.

By her own hand she died !

Bru.

Heroic matron !
Now, now the hour is come ! By this one blow
Her name 's immortal, and her country saved.
Hail ! dawn of glory ! [Snatching the dagger.
Hail, thou sacred weapon !
Virtue's deliverer, hail !
Hear, Romans, hear ! did not the Sibyl tell you,
A fool should set Rome free ? I am that fool.
Brutus bids Rome be free !

All.

What can this mean ?

Bru.

It means that Lucius Junius has thrown off
The mask of madness, and his soul rides forth

On the destroying whirlwind, to avenge
The wrongs of that bright excellence, and Rome.

Lucretius.

Can this be Lucius Junius ?

Val.

Ha ! the voice
Of inspiration speaks.

Col.

O glorious Brutus,
Let me in tears adore the bounteous gods
Who have restored thee to redress my woes ;
And, in my woes, my country.

Bru.

No more of this.
Stand not in wonder. Every instant now
Is precious to your cause. Rise ! Snatch your arms !

[*Kneels.*

Hear me, great Jove ! and thou, paternal Mars,
And spotless Vesta ! To the death, I swear
My burning vengeance shall pursue these Tarquins.
Ne'er shall my limbs know rest till they are swept
From off the earth, which groans beneath their infamy.
This, from the bottom of my soul, I swear ! [Rises.
Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius, all,
Here I adjure ye by this fatal dagger,
All stained and reeking with her sacred blood,
Be partners in my oath, revenge her fall !

All.

We swear !

[*Placing their hands on dagger.*

Bru.

Well have ye said : and, O, methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the murdered matron
Look down and bow her airy head to bless you.
Summon your slaves, and bear the body hence,



High in the view, through all the streets of Rome,
Up to the Forum. On! The least delay
May draw down ruin, and defeat our glory.
On, Romans, on! The fool shall set you free!

[Exeunt, severally, all but Collatinus.— Scene changes.]

Scene Second. { ROME. APARTMENT IN THE PALACE OF
TULLIA.

[Enter Corunna, meeting Horatius.]

Cor.

My lord, my lord! Quick, tell me where is Tullia?

Horatius.

Whence this alarm? what wouldst thou?

Cor.

Rebellion rages —

Horatius.

Rebellion?

Cor.

Lucretia,
The wife of Collatinus, is no more.
The furious multitude have borne her body
With shouts of vengeance through the streets of Rome,
And "Sextus Tarquin," is the general cry.

Horatius.

Where are thy troops? why dost thou dally here,
When thou shouldst pay their insolence with death?

Cor.

The soldiers join the throng, the gates are closed,
And the mad crowd exclaim, "We banish Tarquin."
Brutus is at their head, and leads them on.

Horatius.

What miracle is this? How say'st thou, Brutus?

Cor.

Ay, the fool Brutus. Now before the rostrum
 The body of Lucretia is exposed,
 And Brutus there harangues assembled Rome.
 He waves aloft
 The bloody dagger; all the people hear him
 With wildest admiration and applause:
 He speaks as if he held the souls of men
 In his own hand, and moulded them at pleasure.
 They look on him as they would view a god,
 Who, from a darkness which invested him,
 Springs forth, and, knitting his stern brow in frowns,
 Proclaims the vengeful will of angry Jove.

Horatius.

Fly through the city; gather all the force
 You can assemble, and straight hasten hither:
 I'll to the queen. Lose not a moment! Hence!
 I tremble for Rome's safety! Haste!—begone!

[*Exeunt.*—*Scene changes.*]

Scene Third. { THE FORUM.—BRUTUS UPON THE
 FORUM.—THE DEAD BODY OF LU-
 CRETIA BEFORE HIM. COLLATINUS,
 LUCRETIUS, VALERIUS AND OTHERS
 DISCOVERED. THE POPULACE FILL
 THE STAGE.

Bru.

Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
 Permitted utterance, we have told our story;
 And now, to say one word of the imposture,
 The mask necessity has made me wear.

When the ferocious malice of your king,—
 King, do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin,
 Slew, as the most of you may well remember,
 My father, Marcus, and my elder brother,—
 Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth,—
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,
 But in the false face I have worn so long? [*All shout.*]

First Rom.

Most wonderful!

Second Rom.

Silence! he speaks again.

Bru.

Would you know why I summoned you together?
 Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
 Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
 See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
 She was the mark and model of the time,
 The mould in which each female face was formed,
 The very shrine and sacristy of virtue;
 Fairer than ever was a form created
 By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
 And never-resting thought is all on fire,
 The worthiest of the worthy. Not the nymph
 Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
 And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
 Can I conceive beyond her. Such perfections
 Might have called back the torpid breast of age
 To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
 Might have abashed the boldest libertine
 And turned desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection. O, my countrymen,
 You all can witness when that she went forth,—
 It was a holiday in Rome; old age
 Forgot its crutch, labour its task; all ran;
 And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
 "There, there's Lucretia." Now, look ye, where she lies.
 That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
 Torn up by ruthless violence — gone, gone, gone!

All.

Sextus shall die !

Bru.

But then, the king, his father ——

First Rom.

What shall be done with him ?

Second Rom.

Speak, Brutus !

All.

Tell us, tell us !

Bru.

Say, would you seek instruction ? would ye ask
What ye should do ? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge !
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse ; 't will cry, Revenge !
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge !
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son ;
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge !
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound,—Revenge, Revenge !

All.

Revenge ! Revenge !

Bru.

And we will be revenged, my countrymen !
Brutus shall lead you on ; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

Live, Brutus!	<i>First Rom.</i>	} <i>All speak together.</i>
Valiant Brutus!	<i>Second Rom.</i>	
Down with Tarquin!	<i>Third Rom.</i>	
We 'll have no Tarquins!	<i>Second Rom.</i>	
We will have a Brutus!	<i>First Rom.</i>	
Let 's to the Capitol, and shout for Brutus!	<i>Third Rom.</i>	

All. [Shouting.
 Brutus shall be king!

Bru. [Descends.
 I your king?
 Brutus your king? No, fellow-citizens;
 If mad ambition in this guilty frame
 Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one,—
 By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
 Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Val.
 Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus.
 Brutus, the new restored, Brutus, by Sibyl,
 By Pythian prophetess, foretold, shall lead us!

Bru.
 Now take the body up; bear it before us
 To Tarquin's palace; there we 'll light our torches,
 And in the blazing conflagration, rear
 A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
 Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!
 [The people rush out, shouting.

QUICK CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. { ROME. TARQUIN'S PALACE. A COURT.
AT BACK A GRAND ENTRANCE, WITH
FOLDING GATES.

[Enter Tullia.

Tul.

Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed siege of Ardea! Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou! Save thy wife, thy son, thy city!

[Enter Titus R.

Tit.

Where is the prince,—where's Sextus?

Tul.

Where? O heavens!
His madness hath undone us! Where is Sextus?
Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him
Alive into the flames, or, piecemeal, drag
Along the rebel streets his mangled trunk ——

Tit.

No more! I'll save him, or avenge! [Going L.

[Enter Horatius L, who meets Titus, and stops him.

Horatius.

Turn, noble Roman, turn;
Set not your life upon a desperate stake. [Shouts within.
Hark! they are at the gates!

Tul.

Does my son live?

Horatius.

Furious he sprang upon the rebel throng,
And hewed his desperate passage. But the time
Admits no further question.— Save yourself!

Tul.

Who leads them on ?

Horatius.

Your new-named fool, your Brutus.

Tit.

Death ! my father ?

Tul.

Brutus in arms !
O, Sibyl ! O, my fate ! Farewell to greatness !
I've heard my doom.

Tit.

Earth, earth, enclose me ! *[Continued shouts within.]*

Tul.

Hark ! it bursts upon us !

Horatius.

Ha ! nearer yet. Now be propitious, Mars !
Now nerve my arm with more than mortal fury,
Till the dissembler sink beneath its vengeance.

[Exit L. U. E.]

Tul.

Fly, save my child ! save my — save your Tarquinia !

Tit.

Or die defending. *[Exit L. U. E.]*

*[The tumult becomes very violent, and battering at
the gate and wall begins.]*

Tul.

Ah ! if amidst my legions I might fall,
Death were not then inglorious ; but to perish

By the vile scum of Rome—hunted by dogs—
Baited to death by brawling, base mechanics—
Shame insupportable! [*Loud clamour.*]

[*The gate and wall are shattered, and they fall,
inward, in a broken mass. The palaces behind
are seen in flames.—Enter Soldiers and Citizens,
rushing over the ruins; Brutus appears amongst
them, and advances to the front.*]

Bru.
Seize the parricide! [*They surround Tullia.*]

Tul.
Avaunt! I am your queen!

Bru.
Tarquins, we cast you from us.

Tul.
Give me a sword, and let me fall like Tullia.

Bru.
No, we reserve our swords for nobler uses
Than to make war with women; to the Tarquins,
To your adulterous sons, we leave that shame.

Tul.
If then 't will better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.

Bru.
Take her to Rhea's temple; take her hence,
And lodge her with her ancestors!

Tul.
Ye gods!
My father's sepulchre! I'll not approach it!

Bru.

'T will furnish wholesome recollection. Hence!

Tul.

Not to that fatal place! Send me not thither!

Bru.

'T is fixed.

Tul.

Choose the most loathsome dungeon — there confine me,
Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.

Bru.

There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgment of the State.

Tul.

Then, by the gods,
Whom, for the last time, I invoke,
If no means else
Of ready death present themselves,
No particle of food shall pass these lips,
Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness,
With blank oblivion entering, shall confound
And cancel all perception.

[*Exit R. Tullia, guarded. Brutus is following.*
Enter Titus L. U. E.]

Tit.

Turn, O my father,
And look upon thy son!

Bru.

What wouldst thou? speak.

Tit.

If thou hast reason, O, have mercy also;
But if in madness thou hast done this deed —

Bru.

I am not mad, but as the lion is,
When he breaks down the toils that tyrant craft
Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will suffer
These monsters to profane the air of heaven.
Shall Titus, then, oppose our great design?
Shall Brutus meet a recreant in his son?
Banish this folly! Have a care! I know thee:
There is a lurking passion at thy heart,
Which leaves but half a soul for Rome and me.

Tit.

You wrong me. Like a Roman I exult
To see Lucretia's murder thus avenged,
And like a son glory in such a father!
Yet hear me through; nay, do not frown, but hear me.

Bru.

Go on; confess thy weakness, and dismiss it.

Tit.

'T was in the sleep of my dear father's reason,
When Tarquin's freedman, in a saucy mood,
Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness,
Stung to the quick, I snatched a weapon up,
And felled him to my foot.

Bru.

Why, 't was well done.
The knave was saucy, and you slew him. On!

Tit.

'T was on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
And when the wrathful father had denounced
Immediate death on this my filial act,
She with the tongue of interceding pity,
And tears that streamed in concert with her suit,
Implored, prevailed, and gave me life—and love.

Bru.

'T is well. Behold, I give her life for life:
Rome may be free, although Tarquinia lives.
This I concede; but more if thou attemptest,—
By all the gods! — nay, if thou dost not take
Her image, though with smiling Cupids decked,
And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
Rome and her glories in without a rival,—
Thou art no son of mine! thou art no Roman!

[*Exit Brutus R., followed by soldiers and citizens.*
Enter Tarquinia L. U. E.

Tar.

Save, save me, Titus! O, amid the crash
Of falling palaces, preserve Tarquinia!
Or, do I meet in thee a double rebel,
Traitor alike to me and to thy king?
Speak, I conjure thee! Will the son of Brutus
Now take me to his pity and protection,
Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him?

Tit.

Cruel suspicion! O, adored Tarquinia,
I live but to preserve you! You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety!

Tar.

I scorn a life that is preserved by Brutus!
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends!
I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murdered!

Tit.

Who are murdered?
Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred —

Tar.

Say'st thou? Lives my mother?



Tit.

She lives, and Sextus, even he escapes
The storm which he has raised, and flies to Ardea.

Tar.

Speed him, ye gods, with eagle swiftness thither!
And may those thunders which now shake the walls
Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind burst
On this devoted city, 'whelm its towers,
And crush the traitorous hive beneath their ruins.
Now, Titus, where is now thy promised faith?
Didst thou not swear no dangers should divide us?

Tit.

I did; and, constant to my oath, behold me
Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.

Tar.

Be still my guardian; snatch me from these terrors,
Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
And give the rescued daughter to the arms
Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
The praise of men, the blessings of the gods,
And all that honour, all that love can grant.

Tit.

Despair! Distraction! Whither shall I turn me?

Tar.

Why do you waver? Cast away this weakness;
Be glorious in your cruelty, and leave me.
By all the demons who prepare the heart
To rush upon the self-destroying steel,
The same dire moment which gives thee to Brutus,
Gives me to death.

Tit.

Horror! Tarquinia, hold!

Tar.

Lo! I am armed. Farewell! How I have loved you,
My death shall witness; how you have deceived me,
Let your own conscience tell. Now to your father!
Now go and mingle with the murderers;
Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
And show your hands bathed in Tarquinia's blood:
The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.

Tit.

Take, take me hence forever! Let me lose,
In these dear arms, the very name of son,
All claims of nature, every sense but love!

Tar.

The gods that guard the majesty of Rome,
And that sweet power, whose influence turns thy heart
To pity and compliance, shall reward
And bless thee for the deed.

Tit.

Can he be blest
On whom a father's direful curse shall fall?

Tar.

A madman's imprecation is no curse.

Tit.

O, while thy love upholds me, I can stand
Against the world's contempt; remember, only,
For whose dear sake I am undone; remember,
My heart was honour's once —

Tar.

And shall be ever!
Come, I will show thee where bright honour grows,
Where thou shalt pluck it from the topmost branch,
And wear it in its freshest, fairest bloom.

[*Exeunt* L. U. E.]

[*Scene Third is sometimes omitted.*]

Scene Third. { THE TEMPLE OF RHEA. A LARGE DOOR,
LEADING TO THE TOMB OF SERVIUS
TULLIUS, FORMER KING OF ROME,
THE FATHER OF TULLIA, VISIBLE, C.

[*Enter the Priestess of Rhea, meeting the Vestal Virgins of the Temple.*

Pr.

Daughters of Rhea, since the lords of Rome
Have to your holy hands consigned the charge
Of their now captive queen, inform the Priestess
How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
Is her proud soul yet humbled, or, indignant,
Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?

Ves. Vir.

Sullen and silent, she resolves on death :
She will not taste of nourishment. She comes.

[*Enter Tullia.*

Pr.

I pray you, royal lady, be entreated —

Tul.

I tell you, no !

Pr.

Think what a train of weary hours have passed
Since you had taste of food.

Tul.

'T is well !
The fewer are to come.

Pr.

How can you live to meet your royal husband,
To fold your children in your arms again,
If you resist support ?

Tul.

Ha ! well remembered !
What news from Ardea ? Will he march for Rome ?
Hark ! Do you hear his trumpet ? Is he coming ?
Ay, this is hope, and worth the feeding.
'T is well, 't is well !
But, tell me, doth the king know of this kindness ?

Pr.

What king ?

Tul.

What king ?
Brutus, the king of Rome. Knows he of this ?

Pr.

He does.

Tul.

And would he I should live ?

Pr.

He would.

Tul.

Merciful villain !
Yes, he would have me live to grace his triumphs.
I know the utmost of his mercy.
Subtle traitor !
I 'll not taste food, though immortality
Were grafted to each atom. — Hark ! What 's that ?
Heard you that groan ?

Pr.

It is your fancy's coinage.

Tul.

Again ! 'T is deep and hollow :
It issues from the vault ! Set the door open !
Open, I say !

Pr.

It is your father's sepulchre.

Tul.

My father! righteous gods! I killed my father!
Horrible retribution!

Pr.

Wretched daughter,
If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit,
By wholesome meditation, for atonement,
And let no passion interrupt the task
Of penitence and prayer.

Tul.

I 'll pray no more.
There is no mercy in the skies for murder;
Therefore no praying, none.
I have a plea for my impenitence—
Madness.
These groans have made me mad; all the night through
They howled distraction to my sleepless brain.
You 've shut me up with furies to torment me,
And starved me into madness. Hark! again!
Unbar the door! Unbar it! By the gods,
The voice is more than human which I hear!
I 'll enter there, I will be satisfied,
Although the confirmation should present
His awful form.

[*She rushes forward. The Priestess and Vestals, in alarm, interpose, but cannot withstand her. She dashes against the tomb. The bars within, fall, with a crash; the doors fly open, and reveal a monumental figure of Servius Tullius. Tullia recoils, shrieks, falls, and expires.*]

CURTAIN.



Act Fifth.

Scene First. { ROME. BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF MARS.
BRUTUS AND COLLATINUS, AS CONSULS,
WITH LICTORS, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS,
AND NUMEROUS FOLLOWERS, DISCOVERED.

Bru.

You judge me rightly, friends. The purpled robe,
The curule chair, the lictors' keen-edged axe,
Rejoice not Brutus; 't is his country's freedom.
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted,
Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power
For the calm comforts of a happy home.

[*Enter a Messenger* L. I. E.]

Mess.

All health to Rome, her senate, and her consuls.

Bru.

Speak on! What message hast thou to impart?

Mess.

I bring intelligence of Sextus Tarquin,
Who, on arriving at a neighbouring village,
Was known, and by the people stoned to death.

[*Messenger goes up stage.*]

Bru.

Now, Lucretia,
Thy ghost may cease to wander o'er the earth,
And rest in peace!

Lucretius.

Heaven's ways are just !

Col.

Yet I regret the villain should be slain
By any hand but mine.

[*Enter a Centurion* R. U. E.]

Cent.

Health to Brutus !
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome !

Bru.

Now, without preface, soldier, to your business.

Cent.

As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate,
Ere break of day, an armed company
Burst, on a sudden, through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarmed,
I wheeled my cohort round, and charged 'em home.
Sharp was the conflict for awhile, and doubtful,
Till on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young patrician ——

Bru.

Ha ! patrician ?

Cent.

Such
His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.

Bru.

Proceed ! What more ?

Cent.

The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my prisoner.—O, Valerius,
What have I said, that thus the consul changes ?

Bru.

Why do you pause? Go on.

Cent.

Their leader seized,
The rest surrendered. Him, a settled gloom
Possesses wholly, nor, as I believe,
Hath a word passed his lips, to all my questions
Still obstinately shut.

Bru.

Bring him before us.

[*Exit Centurion* R. U. E.]

Val.

O, my brave friend, horror invades my heart.

Bru.

Silence, be calm.

Val.

I know thy soul
A compound of all excellence, and pray
The mighty gods to put thee to no trial
Beyond a mortal bearing.

Bru.

No, they will not —
Nay, be secure,— they cannot. Prithee, friend,
Look out, and if the worst that can befall me
Be verified, turn back and give some sign
What thou hast seen: thou canst excuse this weakness,
Being thyself a father. [*Valerius gives a sign.*
Ha! Enough:
I understand thee. Since it must be so,
Do your great pleasure, gods! Now, now it comes!

[*Titus and Tarquinia are brought in, guarded,*
R. U. E. *Titus advances. Tarquinia remains*
behind.

Tit.

My father! Give me present death, ye powers!

Cent.

What have I done ? Art thou the son of Brutus ?

Tit.

No, Brutus scorns to father such a son !
O, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak ? [*Titus kneels.*
Turn not away ; hither direct thine eyes,
And look upon this sorrow-stricken form ;
Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
And doom as nature dictates.

Val.

Peace, you 'll anger him !
Be silent and await ! O, suffering mercy,
Plead in a father's heart, and speak for nature !
[*Brutus turns away from his son, and waves his
hand to the Centurion to remove him to a little
distance. Titus rises and retires.*

Bru.

Come hither, Collatinus. [*Collatinus advances L.*
The deep wound
You suffered in the loss of your Lucretia
Demanded more than fortitude to bear :
I saw your agony, I felt your woe.

Col.

You more than felt it, you revenged it, too.

Bru.

But, ah ! my brother consul, your Lucretia
Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should ;
She fell, a model of transcendent virtue.

Col.

My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at, Brutus ?

Bru.

That youth—my Titus—was my age's hope ;
I loved him more than language can express ;
I thought him born to dignify the world.

Col.

My heart bleeds for you ! He may yet be saved ——

Bru.

Consul—for Rome I live, not for myself:
I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis,
Warring 'gainst every thing my soul holds dear.
Therefore return without me to the senate ;
Haply my presence might restrain their justice.
Look that these traitors meet their trial straight,
And then despatch a messenger to tell me
How the wise fathers have disposed of——Go !

[Collatinus goes out R., attended, and as Brutus is departing L., Tarquinia rushes forward.]

Tar.

Stop,—turn and hear the daughter of your king !
I speak for justice,—mercy, thou hast none,—
For him, your son.
By gratitude and love I drew him off.
I saved his life,—
Who shall condemn him for protecting mine ?

Bru.

We try the crime ; the motive heaven will judge.
My honour he hath stabbed,—I pardon that.
He hath done more,—he hath betrayed his country.
That is a crime which every honest heart
That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
And the full stream of justice must have way.

Tar.

Because thy soul was never swayed by love,
Canst thou not credit what his bosom felt ?

Bru.

I can believe that beauty such as thine
May urge a thousand fascinating snares
To lure the wavering and confound the weak ;

But what is honour, which a sigh can shake ?
 What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt ?
 Truth, valour, justice, constancy of soul,—
 These are the attributes of manly natures.
 Be woman ne'er so beauteous, man was made
 For nobler uses than to be her slave.

Tar.

Hard, unrelenting man ! Are these the fruits
 Of filial piety, and hath thy son
 Wearied the gods with prayers till they restored
 A mind, and gave thee reason ? Would to heaven
 They'd given thee mercy, too ! 't would more become thee
 Than these new ensigns, Brutus ; more than all
 Thy lictors, haughty consul, or thy robes
 Dipped in the blood—O horror !—of a son.

Bru.

No more ! By all the gods, I'll hear no more !

[*Brutus goes L.*

Tit.

A word, for pity's sake.

[*Titus kneels.*

Before thy feet,

Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels.

Love is my plea, a father is my judge,

Nature my advocate ; I can no more.

If these will not appease a parent's heart,

Strike through them all, and lodge thy vengeance here !

Bru.

Break off ! I will not, cannot hear thee further !

The affliction nature hath imposed on Brutus,

Brutus will suffer as he may. Enough

That we enlarge Tarquinia. Go, be free !

[*Titus rises. Tarquinia goes to him.*

Centurion,

[*Centurion advances.*

Give her conduct out of Rome.

Lictors, attend : secure your prisoner.

[*Lictors advance one step.*

Point your axes!

[*Lictors turn the edges of their axes towards Titus.*

To the Senate!

[*Lictors face to R.*

On!

[*Exit Brutus L. Picture. Scene closes in.*

Scene Second.—A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF BRUTUS.

[*Enter Brutus.*

Bru.

Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around
And start at every footstep, lest it bring
The fatal news of my poor son's conviction.
O, Rome, thou little know'st——no more——it comes.

[*Enter Valerius L. I. E.*

Val.

My friend, the senate have to thee transferred
The right of judgment on thy son's offence.

Bru.

To me!

Val.

To thee alone.

Bru.

What of the rest?

Val.

Their sentence is already passed.
E'en now, perhaps, the lictor's dreaded hand
Cuts off their forfeit lives.

Bru.

Say'st thou the senate have to me referred
The fate of Titus?

Val.

Such is their sovereign will.
They think you merit this distinguished honour :
A father's grief deserves to be revered.
Rome will approve whatever you decree.

Bru.

And is his guilt established beyond doubt ?

Val.

Too clearly.

Bru.

O, ye gods ! ye gods ! Valerius !

Val.

What wouldst thou, noble Roman ?

Bru.

'T is said thou hast pulled down thy house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was reared.

Val.

I have ; but what doth Brutus thence infer ?

Bru.

It was a goodly structure : I remember
How fondly you surveyed its rising grandeur ;
With what a fatherly delight you summoned
Each grace and ornament that might enrich
The child of your creation, till it swelled
To an imperial size, and overpeered
The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of towering *Ætna* !
Then, noble Roman, then with patriot zeal,
Dear as it was, and valued, you condemned
And levelled the proud pile ; and, in return,

Were by your grateful countrymen surnamed,
And shall to all posterity descend,—
Poplicola.

Val.

Yes, Brutus, I conceive
The awful aim and drift of thy discourse;
But I conjure thee, pause! Thou art a father.

Bru.

I am a Roman consul! What, my friend,
Shall no one but Valerius love his country
Dearer than house, or property, or children?
Now, follow me, and in the face of heaven,
I'll mount the judgment seat; there, see if Brutus
Feel not for Rome as warmly as Poplicola.

[*Exeunt L.*

Scene Third. { BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF MARS. A TRIBUNAL, WITH A CONSULAR CHAIR UPON IT. COLLATINUS, LUCRETIVUS, SENATORS, AND CITIZENS DISCOVERED.

[*Enter Brutus, followed by Valerius.—Brutus ascends the Tribunal.*

Bru.

Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors, who conspire
Against mature societies may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains; but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling childbirth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat, is a deed so black,
That my foiled tongue refuses it a name.

[*A pause.*

There is one criminal still left for judgment ;
Let him approach.

[*Titus is brought in by the Lictors* R. I. E.]

Prisoner——

Romans, forgive this agony of grief,
My heart is bursting, nature must have way :
I will perform all that a Roman should,
I cannot feel less than a father ought.

[*He gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and
then advances from the judgment-seat to Titus.*]

Well, Titus, speak, how is it with thee now ?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die ?

Tit.

Father, I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.

Bru.

They will, my Titus ;
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
It seems as if thy fate were preërdained
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'T is fixed. O, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee :
So fixed thy death, that 't is not in the power
Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.

Tit.

The axe ! O, heaven, then must I fall so basely ?
What, shall I perish like a common felon ?

Bru.

How else do traitors suffer ? Nay, Titus, more,
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal,
And there behold thee meet this shame of death,—
With all thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee ;
See thy head taken by the common axe,
All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—
Without one groan, without one pitying tear.

Tit.

Die like a felon—ha, a common felon !
But I deserve it all. Yet here I fail ;
This ignominy quite unmans me.
O, Brutus, Brutus ! Must I call you father, [Kneels.
Yet have no token of your tenderness,
No sign of mercy,—not even leave to fall
As noble Romans fall, by my own sword ?
Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled ?
How can I think that you did ever love me ?

Bru.

Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life ;
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.
[Goes up stage.

Tit.

O, hold, thou violated majesty ! [Rises.
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice,
Come, take my life, and give it to my country !

Bru.

Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour !
The sovereign magistrate of injured Rome
Condemns
A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head and passes sentence on thee.
Go, meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting ;
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee !
Farewell ! Eternally farewell !

Tit.

O, Brutus ! O, my father !

Bru.

What wouldst thou say, my son ?

Tit.

Wilt thou forgive me ?

When I shall be no more, forget not my Tarquinia.

Bru.

Leave her to my care.

Tit.

Farewell, forever !

[Kneeling, slowly.]

Bru.

Forever ! *[Re-ascends the Tribunal, assisted by Collatinus and Valerius.]*

Lictors, attend ! Conduct your prisoner forth !

All.

Whither ?

Bru.

To death ! *[Titus rises.]* When you do reach the spot,
My hand shall wave your signal for the axe ;
Then, let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done !

[Brutus sits.]

[Titus is led out by the Lictors. A dead march, which gradually dies away. Brutus remains, seated, on the Tribunal.]

Poor youth ! Thy pilgrimage is at an end !

A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink

Of that tremendous precipice whose depth

No thought of man can fathom. *[Dead march ceases.]*

Justice now

Demands her victim ! A little moment,

And I am childless. One effort, and 't is past ! —

[He rises and waves his hand ; three sounds of the trumpet are heard.]

Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free !

[Brutus falls. The characters group around him.]

CURTAIN.



BRUTUS.

APPENDIX.

I.—SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR OF BRUTUS.

JOHAN HOWARD PAYNE was born on June 9, 1791, in a house which formerly stood near the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, New-York. Of his ancestry but little is known. His maternal grandfather was a Hebrew, and, according to the legend on his tombstone,—at East Hampton, Long Island,—“an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile.” This accident of Hebrew lineage he shares with some of the most distinguished players that have appeared. His childhood was passed at East Hampton, Long Island, but at an early age he was taken to live in Boston. While still a boy his spirit was fired with emulation by the success, in England, of “The Young Roscius,” Master Betty. Not being permitted to act, however, he became a writer upon acting, and discussed his favourite topic in the newspapers. At this time he became acquainted with Samuel Woodworth, author of the “Old Oaken Bucket,” who was then an apprentice in a printing office, and who chanced to be publishing, for amusement, a child’s paper, called “The Fly.” In this young Payne assisted; till, after a while, he was sent to New-York and put into a counting-house, with the special understanding that his employers should, in their care of him, repress, and, if possible, destroy his taste for the theatre. Under these restraints he clandestinely edited and published [1806] a theatrical sheet, called “The Thespian Mirror,”—which was thought to display remarkable strength and maturity of intellect. Attracted by the promise of the youthful editor, a practical friend, Mr. John E. Seaman, offered to pay the expenses of his education at a University. This offer was accepted, and Payne left the counting-house forever.

It would not seem that his withdrawal from trade was a serious detriment to the mercantile interest, nor that he suffered poignant regret at the change of occupation. Fears were entertained, though, that he

would be spoiled ; and much gratuitous advice — the cheap benevolence of commonplace persons — was poured upon him from various sources. He had but few friends, it appears, who were men of the world. One of these — Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist — addressed him the following wise and gracious words : " Were it possible for a miracle to be wrought in your favour, and that the experience of a dozen years could be obtained without living so long, there would be little danger that a heart so unperverted as yours would mislead you. The experience of others will avail you nothing. They may talk, indeed ; but, until you are as old as the counsellor, and have seen with your own eyes as much as he has, his words are mere idle sounds, impertinent and unintelligible. Fancy and habit are supreme over your conduct, and all your friends have to trust to is a heart naturally pure and tractable, and a taste, if I may so call it, for the approbation of the wise and good." In pursuance of his benefactor's plan Payne was sent to school at Schenectady, N. Y. He made a trip to Albany in company with Mr. Brown. A journal which he kept, of this trip, and which would have furnished an interesting study of his character, has been lost.

Payne did not remain long at college, nor was his experience there a pleasant one. His friends, who were determined to overcome his inclination for the stage, established over him a system of injudicious espial. His allowance of money was limited, and his instructors were admonished to " draw a tight rein " in the management of their pupil. Two events soon occurred, which, sad as they were, so beneficially affected his fortunes as to turn into its natural channel the current of a life which otherwise might have been passed in uncongenial pursuits. His mother died, and his father became bankrupt.

In this emergency Payne determined to fulfil his long cherished ambition and become an actor. " A slow, reluctant and weeping leave " was granted by his friends, and on February 24, 1809, being then seventeen, he made his first appearance on the stage — at the old Park Theatre, New-York, in the character of *Young Norval*. " His face," says Dunlap, " was remarkably handsome, his countenance full of intelligence, and his manner fascinating." On April 3d, the same year, he played, as *Young Norval*, in Boston, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. On the 17th of May he began a second engagement in New-York, and played in succession *Young Norval*, *Hastings*, *Octavian*, *Frederick Fitzroy*, *Rolla*, *Edgar*, and *Hamlet*. " Hamlet " was produced for his benefit. The engagement lasted six nights ; the average receipts were \$500 a night ; his benefit cleared \$755. He then went to Philadelphia and Baltimore, in both of which places he found the theatres

closed against him. This reverse of fortune was attributed to the influence of Stephen Price, the manager of the Park Theatre, with whom he had quarrelled. His cause, however, was espoused by good friends, and his reception by the warm-hearted citizens of Baltimore proved entirely cordial. In a fortnight he had earned \$1,500.

He also played successful engagements at Richmond, Charleston and Washington. It is said that Henry Placide first attracted attention by the imitations he, at this period, gave of the acting of Payne. From Baltimore Payne returned to New-York, where he made the acquaintance of George Frederick Cooke. "I thought him a polite, sensible youth," says Cooke, "and the reverse of *our* young Roscius." On the 18th of March, 1811, Cooke played *Lear*, and Payne *Edgar*, at the Park Theatre, with much success. Payne then revisited Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and played successful engagements in each city. His early theatrical career in America was as short as it was brilliant. As a young actor he won the applause of the people, the approbation of competent judges, and a distinguished rank in his profession; and, when he departed, to pursue his fortunes in the old world, it was with bright prospect of increasing excellence and fair renown. On January 17th, 1813, he embarked at Baltimore, in the ship "Catherine Ray," and sailed for Liverpool. It was war time when he arrived in England, and the policy with which American travellers should be treated had not yet been determined by the Government. So the party of which he was a member was imprisoned for two nights. After his release he wrote to Whitebread, and procured an engagement at Drury Lane, where, on June 4, 1813, he acted, in "Douglas." Mrs. Powell, from Covent Garden, supported him in the part of *Lady Randolph*. To this lady he wrote, next day, a letter of thanks. She answered: "If you saw any merit in my playing *Lady Randolph*, it was entirely owing to a son I felt proud of." On a later occasion he again played in "Douglas," winning from one of the journals of London the following well-tempered approval: "A little study under judicious instruction will soon correct the trifling deficiencies which are discernible in his enunciation, while, by the aid of a fencing and dancing master, he may acquire more graceful attitudes than he now exhibits. In all other respects nature has endowed him with every quality for a great actor. He possesses all the simplicity which is the result of a fine taste, and he appears to have a chasteness of feeling and a judiciousness of conception which never suffer him to run into those vicious extravagances so common in blustering, half-formed actors. He speaks at once to the sober senses, to the feelings, and to the heart. In passages where no vehemence of feeling is required he

is calm, temperate and interesting. He never rants unnecessarily. His own discretion is his tutor. Such is the character of this young gentleman, who makes a fairer promise than any juvenile adventurer we have ever seen."

His next appearance was in "Romeo." J. W. Wallack, the founder of Wallack's Theatre, played the *Prince* on this night, and his brother, Henry Wallack, appeared as *Abram*. A false report was at this time circulated, that Payne was an illegitimate son of Thomas Payne, author of "Common Sense," and the "Age of Reason." On the 15th of July, 1813, at Liverpool, he played *Hamlet*, and on a subsequent evening he had a brilliant benefit there. From Liverpool he went to Ireland, where he played successful engagements at Dublin and Cork. The famous Miss O'Neill supported him in both, and when, at Cork, he played for his benefit as *Norval* and as *Petruchio*, that brilliant actress appeared as *Lady Randolph* and *Katherine*, and divided with him the laurels of victorious effort. While in Ireland he made the acquaintance of Daniel O'Connell and Charles Phillips, by both of whom he was esteemed. In a speech at a dinner given in honour of Payne, on Innisfallen Island, Phillips remarked that, "to be associated with Mr. Payne must be, to any one who regards private virtues and personal accomplishments, a source of peculiar pride." On leaving Ireland Payne went to Paris, where he gained the good-will of Talma, and also fraternized with Lord Byron's friend, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, who happened to be there. He had by this time satiated his fancy for acting, and he appears to have determined to devote himself exclusively to dramatic authorship. He first adapted a French piece and called it "The Maid and the Magpie." This was sold to Harris, of Covent Garden, for £150. He then agreed with Douglass Kinnaird, manager of Drury Lane, to reside in Paris and to furnish, for that Theatre, versions of French novelties, as they should occur. Here began his career as a dramatist. It is recorded by Dunlap, in his "History of the American Theatre," that at the outset Payne declined a permanent situation in the stock company of Drury Lane. "The charms of starring were preferred," says that historian, "and, finally, literary pursuits, particularly those connected with the drama, withdrew him altogether from the profession of an actor."

Payne's engagement with Drury Lane did not last long. He then made a contract, both literary and theatrical, with Covent Garden. The history of this part of his life is merely a record of wasting struggles with misfortune. He seems to have been quite unable to take care of himself. He wrote and produced a number of pieces; he

managed several theatres, in different parts of England; and some of his enterprises were successful; but he was almost always in difficulties. One of his last efforts, in London, was for the establishment of a theatrical paper, called the "Opera Glass," which he edited during a part of the year 1826. It gave him continual anxiety, and at last brought on a fever, from which he barely escaped alive. This sort of experience in foreign lands finally became monotonous, and he resolved to return to the United States. He arrived in New-York, January 16th, 1833, having been absent twenty years. Most of Payne's plays were written during his residence abroad, and nearly all of them were first produced in English theatres. His tragedies are: "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin;" "Romulus," written for Edwin Forrest, but never performed; "Virginia; or, The Patrician's Perfidy;" "Oswali, of Athens;" "Richelieu; or, The Broken Heart;" "The Italian Bride;" "Lovers' Vows;" and "The Wanderer"—written when he was fourteen years of age. "Brutus" was first produced December 3d, 1818, at Drury Lane, with a prologue written by Rev. Dr. Croly, and it ran fifty-one nights. The part of *Brutus* was nobly acted by Edmund Kean. The tragedy of "Richelieu," which was originally dedicated to Washington Irving, was also first produced at Drury Lane. It seems to have been based on Duval's play, "La Jeunesse de Richelieu." In our day it has been somewhat modernized by Mrs. Catherine Farren; and it is still occasionally played, as "The Bankrupt's Wife." Payne's dramas, twenty-one in number, are named as follows: "The Spanish Husband;" "Thérèse; or, The Orphan of Geneva;" "Norah; or, The Girl of Erin;" "Adeline; or, Seduction;" "The Two Galley Slaves;" "The Rival Monarchs;" "Paoli;" "The Solitary of Mount Savage;" "Ali Pacha;" "The Inseparables;" "The Maid and Magpie;" "Accusation;" "The Guilty Mother;" "The Man of the Black Forest;" "Madame De Barri;" "The Festival of St. Mark;" "The Bridge of Kehl;" "The Judge and the Attorney;" "The Mill of the Lake;" "Mazeppa;" and "Novido, the Neapolitan." "Thérèse" and "The Galley Slaves" are from the French.

Payne also wrote five operas, namely: "Clari, the Maid of Milan;" "The White Maid" (or, "The White Lady"); "The Tyrolese Peasant;" "Visitandines;" and "England's Good Old Days." "Clari, the Maid of Milan," was the most popular of these pieces. It contains the song of "Home, Sweet Home," for which the author received \$200. It was first produced at Covent Garden, under the management of Charles Kemble, on May 8th, 1823. The music was written

by Sir Henry Bishop, who, however, obtained the air to "Sweet Home" from an old Sicilian melody. The original was found among his papers, after his death, but the name of the author is not known. Payne's farces are, "Fricandeu; or, The Coronet and the Cook;" "The Post Chaise;" " 'T was I;" "Mrs. Smith;" "Love in Humble Life;" "The Lancers;" "Grandpapa;" "Peter Smink;" and "Not Invited." His comedies are, "Charles the Second; or, The Merry Monarch;" "Procrastination;" "Married and Single;" "Pilots at Home;" "Woman's Revenge;" and "All for the Best." Of these "Charles the Second" is still popular. Its incidents and situations are identical with those of "La Jeunesse de Henri V.;" but the dialogue differs, especially in the part of "Captain Copp," a character original with Payne. The piece was first produced at Covent Garden, in 1824, with Mr. Kemble as *Charles the Second*.

On his return to America, Payne was received with the cordiality naturally excited by the presence of a public favourite. Soon after his arrival, a complimentary benefit was offered to him, at the Park Theatre, where he played with distinguished success. He also received the testimonial of a public dinner, where much good feeling was illustrated with many speeches. Nor were the citizens of Boston less ardent in friendly demonstrations than those of New-York. On April 3d, 1833, he appeared there, by invitation, at the old Tremont Theatre, and played, for his benefit, in selections from "Love in Humble Life," "Thérèse," "The Lancers," and "Charles the Second." This circumstance is noted by W. W. Clapp, in his excellent "Record of the Boston Stage," as follows: "Although the selection of the pieces was a very graceful compliment to the beneficiary, and very appropriate to the occasion, it proved unfortunate, as they had been acted here a hundred times. The night selected was also unpropitious, preceding, as it did, the general Fast, when many families in the city unite in general gatherings. These and other causes rendered the attempt—so far as pecuniary reward was intended—a partial failure; but the character of the audience gave proof of the estimation in which Mr. Payne was held, both as a man and as an author." A piece of verse, written for this occasion by Park Benjamin, was recited, as an "Address" by Mrs. George Barrett. At its close the band played "Sweet Home," and then, in answer to the general call, Payne made a speech of thanks.

Payne now established his residence in New-York, and issued proposals for a new magazine. His enterprize was designed on a grand scale, but it was never fulfilled. He also proposed to publish a "Life of the Saviour,"—as a sort of harmony of the Gospels,—but, finding

that such a book was already in existence, he abandoned the intention. Afterwards he took to politics, and, in the Summer of 1841, he received from President Tyler, the appointment of U. S. Consul at Tunis. Under Polk's administration he was recalled, but was re-appointed to the same Consulate by Daniel Webster, in 1850. He died at Tunis, April 9th, 1852.

It is impressive to reflect that the man who in writing the song of "Sweet Home" set to music one of the strongest emotions which agitate universal humanity should have been a wanderer most of his life, having no home, and finding his grave, at last, after the ebb and flow of sixty years, in a far off, foreign land. This circumstance, while it heightens the romantic interest of his experience, affords an index to his character. Refined, full of sensibility, guided by a true taste, and impelled by earnest aspirations, pure-hearted, amiable, unselfish, with the temperament of the philosopher and the poet, he was unfitted for rough contact with the world; and, having in many ways been checked and disappointed, he was driven into that isolation of mind and life which is the natural refuge of wounded sensibility and dejected ambition. Payne's life was what is called unsuccessful. His abilities did not, it is said, fulfil their early promise. He gained some reputation, indeed, and he wrote some good things, but he was always poor, and he died poor. But, throughout his life, he did, faithfully and well, whatever work there was for him to do, and he has left the pure memory of a gentleman. These lines are on his tomb-stone,—in St. George's cemetery, at Tunis, which overlooks the ruins of Carthage:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said,
Welcome to Heaven's 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

WILLIAM WINTER.

II.—THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO BRUTUS.

"This tragedy is submitted to the public with the most grateful sense of the kindness with which it has been honoured. It was originally intended to be published as sent to the Theatre; but the omissions and changes consequent on its being performed were numerous. The reader will now find it in every respect a copy from the prompt-book.*

* This, of course, alludes to the original print of the tragedy. The present version, as described in my preface, differs from it in many respects.—W. W.

The imperfect lines which sometimes occur in the *verse* have arisen from this determination to make the conformity complete.

"Seven plays upon the subject of Brutus are before the public. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play I have had no hesitation in adopting the conception and language of my predecessors, wherever they seemed likely to strengthen the plan which I had prescribed. This has been so done as to allow of no injury to personal feelings or private property. Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret; but it may be observed that no assistance of other writers can be available without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition.

"I am reluctant to select peculiar subjects of praise when I found zeal and politeness so universal; but I must be permitted to add my gratitude to the public admiration of Mr. Kean's most masterly and splendid performance of the principal character. Mrs. Glover, too, has claims on me which must not be forgotten. The play was introduced by her to the theatre, and its share of public favour must be largely attributed to the critical taste of this very amiable and intelligent woman.

"To the sub-committee and the manager I also beg to return my grateful thanks.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"Southampton Street, Covent Garden, London, Dec. 9, 1818."

III.—HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT BRUTUS.

"Lucius Junius Brutus figures in the legendary history of early Rome as the hero who overturned the monarchical and established the republican form of government. The legend runs that he was the son of a rich Roman. On his father's death, Tarquin the Proud took possession of the property, and put an elder brother to death, and Brutus himself only escaped the same fate by feigning idiocy. [Hence the name, Brutus—stupid.] The oracle of Delphi foretold that he should govern in Rome. Remembering his own wrongs, and gifted with the strength and wisdom of one who was fulfilling the decrees of fate, Brutus—when the foul crime committed by one of the royal family upon Lucretia had shocked the people—convoked them, placed himself at their head, and drove the kings from Rome. He is said to have been then elected one of the two first Consuls (509 B. C.). That his character as a stern old Roman hero

might be complete, the legend adds that he sacrificed to the new republic his own sons, detected in a conspiracy to destroy it; and that, at last, he fell in mortal combat, repelling an attack led on by one of the sons of Tarquin. Little more, however, can be said to be established upon sufficient historical evidence as to Brutus than that there existed a person of that name, who held high office in Rome, at a very early period."—CHAMBERS'S *ENCYCLOPÆDIA*, vol. ii., p. 390.

IV.—COSTUME, WEAPONS, AND OTHER ACCESSORIES FOR BRUTUS.

The historic period of "Brutus" was one of remote antiquity,—509 B. C.,—and it may be assumed that the accessories of Roman life, in his time, were less elaborate, sumptuous, and splendid than they became in a later age. Absolute accuracy in the scenes and dresses for this tragedy is impossible. A general conformity with the customs and attributes of ancient Rome should be deemed sufficient. These models are set forth in the following extract from Thomas Hope's "Costume of the Ancients" [H. G. Bohn, London, 1841], Vol. i, page 39, et seq. :—

"The pre-eminent dress of the Romans, and which distinguished them in the most marked way, as well from the Greeks as from the Barbarians, was the toga. This they seem to have derived from their neighbours the Etrurians; and it may be called their true national garb. In the earliest ages of Rome it appears to have been worn by the women as well as by the men, by the lowest orders as well as by the highest, at home as well as abroad, in the country as well as in town. Love of novelty probably caused it first to be relinquished by the women; next, motives of convenience, by the men in lower stations; and afterwards, fondness of ease and unconstraint, even by the men of higher rank, when enjoying the obscurity of private life, or the retirement of the country. From the unsuccessful attempts, however, first of Augustus, and afterwards of Domitian, entirely to abolish a dress which still continued to remind the people more forcibly than was wished of their ancient liberty, it appears that the toga remained the costume of state and representation with the patricians, nay, with the emperors themselves, unto the last days of Rome's undivided splendour; and we may, I think, assert that not until the empire was transferred to Constantinople did the toga become entirely superseded by that more decidedly Grecian dress, the pallium.

"Infinite have been the queries of the learned, whether the toga of the Romans was, like the *peplum* of the Greeks, a square piece of stuff;

whether it was a round one; or whether, preserving a medium between these two extremes, it offered one side straight, and the other rounded off in a semicircle. To judge from the numberless statues dressed in togas, in none of which there appear any corners perfectly square, though in all of them may be traced some hems or edges describing a straight, and others, a curved line, I am inclined to think the semicircular to have been the true form of the toga.

"Great pains have also been taken to discover whether the toga derived its form on the body, like the pallium, from the mere spontaneous throw of the whole garment, or, like modern dresses, from some studious and permanent contrivance to model and to fasten together the different component parts. No tacks or fastenings of any sort, indeed, are visible in the toga, but their existence may be inferred from the great formality and little variation displayed in its divisions and folds. In general the toga seems not only to have formed, as it were, a short sleeve to the right arm, which was left unconfined, but to have covered the left arm down to the wrist.

"A sort of loop or bag of folds was made to hang over the sloped drapery in front, and the folds were ample enough in the back to admit of the garment being occasionally drawn over the head, as it was customary to do during religious ceremonies, and also, probably, in rainy weather.

"The material of the toga was wool. The colour, in early ages, its own natural yellowish hue. In later periods this seems, however, only to have been retained in the togas of the higher orders; inferior persons wearing theirs dyed, and candidates for public offices bleached by an artificial process. In times of mourning the toga was worn black, or was left off altogether.

"Priests and magistrates wore the *toga pretexta*, or toga edged with a purple border, called pretexta. This toga pretexta was, as well as the bulla, or small round gold box suspended on the breast by way of an amulet, worn by all youths of noble birth, to the age of fifteen; when both these insignia of juvenility were deposited together, for the toga without rim or border, called the *toga pura*.

"The Knights wore the *trabea*, or toga striped with purple throughout; and the Generals during their triumphal entries were clad in a toga entirely of purple, to which gradually became added a rich embroidery of gold.

"The tunic, of later introduction among the Romans than the toga, was regarded as a species of luxury, and was discarded by those who displayed and affected humility, such as candidates and others. The tunic

of the men only reached half way down the thigh ; longer tunics being regarded in the male sex as a mark of effeminacy, and left to women and to eastern nations. The inferior functionaries at sacrifices wore the tunic without the toga ; so did the soldiers, when in the camp. The tunic of senators was edged round * with a broad purple border, called *laticlavus* ; and that of the knights with a narrow purple border, called *angusticlavus*.

" I shall here observe that the hue denominated purple by the ancients seems to have run through all the various shades of colour intervening between scarlet, crimson, and the deep reddish blue called purple at the present day.

" The *pallium*, or mantle of the Greeks, from its being less cumbersome and trailing than the toga of the Romans, by degrees superseded the latter in the country and in the camp. When worn over armour, and fastened on the right shoulder with a clasp or button, this cloak assumed the name of *paludamentum*.

" The common people used to wear a sort of cloak made of very coarse brown wool, and provided with a hood, which was called *cucullus*. This hooded cloak, always given to Telesphorus, the youthful companion of Esculapius, remains to this day the usual protection against cold and wet with all the seafaring inhabitants both of the islands of the Archipelago and the shores of the Mediterranean.

" The Roman ladies wore, by way of under garment, a long tunic descending to the feet, and more peculiarly denominated *stola*. This vestment assumed all the variety of modification displayed in the corresponding attire of the Grecian females. Over the *stola*, they also adopted the Grecian *peplum*, under the name of *palla* ; which *palla*, however, was never worn among the Romans, as the *peplum* was among the Greeks, by men. This external covering, as may be observed in the statues of Roman empresses, displayed the same varieties of drapery or throw at Rome as at Athens.

" The *togati* seem to have worn a sort of short boot or shoe, with straps crossed over the instep, called *calceus*. The foot covering of the ladies at first had the same shape ; but by degrees this latter assumed all the varieties of form of the Grecian sandal. Like all other nations in whom were combined great opulence wherewith to foment the exuberances of fashion and little taste through which to check its pruriencies, the Romans carried to a great pitch the shapeless extravagance of some parts of their attire, as may be seen in the absurd head-dresses of the busts of Roman matrons, preserved in the Capitol.

* Or striped down the front. The controversy respecting this mark of dignity will be endless, unless some *painting* is discovered, to settle the question.

"The Romans, like the Greeks, had peculiar dresses appropriated to peculiar offices and dignities. The Flamens, or priests of Jupiter, wore a pointed cap or helmet, called apex, with a ball of cotton wound round the spike. The priests that ministered to other deities wore the infula, or twisted fillet, from which descended on each side, along the neck, flowing ribands.

"Wreaths of various sorts were in use among the Romans, as well as among the Greeks, and were chiefly given as rewards of military achievements. The *corona castrensis*, wrought in imitation of a palisado, was presented to whoever had been the first to penetrate into an enemy's camp. The *corona muralis*, shaped in the semblance of battlements, to whoever had been the first to scale the walls of a besieged city. The civic crown, formed of oak leaves, to whoever had saved the life of a citizen; and the naval crown, composed of the *rostra*, or beaks of galleys, to whoever had been the first to board the vessel of an enemy.

"When the arts fell into a total decline, glitter of materials became the sole substitute for beauty of forms; and hence the Grecian and Roman portraits of the middle ages are loaded from head to foot with pearls and precious stones, intermixed with large cameos.

"The armour of the Romans seems chiefly to have been that of the Greeks of the same periods. The helmet with the fixed visor, and which required being thrown back in its whole in order to uncover the face, fell very early into disuse in the very heart of Greece itself, and never appears on Roman figures. On these the cuirass, or *lorica*, when belonging to distinguished personages, generally follows the outline of the abdomen, and appears hammered out into all the natural convexities and concavities of the human body. It was often enriched, on the belly, with embossed figures; on the breast with a Gorgon's head by way of amulet; and on the shoulder-plates with scrolls, thunderbolts, etc. This cuirass was made to open at the sides, where the breast and back plates joined by means of clasps and hinges. One or more rows of straps, richly adorned and fringed, descended by way of protection, not only over the thighs, but also down the upper arms. The cuirass of the common soldiers often was cut simply round, and destitute of such straps. Sometimes this latter was formed of metal hoops or plates, sliding over each other; sometimes of small scales, equally pliant; and sometimes of a plain surface of metal or leather. The Roman soldiers wore no greaves, but either used sandals tied with strings, or short boots laced before, and lined with the skin of some animal, of which the muzzle and claws were displayed as an ornamental finish.

"The Roman shield seems never to have resembled the large round

buckler used by the Greeks, nor the crescent-shaped one peculiar to the Asiatics; but to have offered an oblong square, or an oval, or a hexagon, or an octagon. The cavalry alone wore a circular shield, but of small dimensions, called *parma*. Each different legion had its peculiar device marked on its shields.

"As offensive weapons, the Romans had a sword, of somewhat greater length than that of the Greeks; * a long spear, of which they never quit-
ted their hold; and a short javelin, which they used to throw to a distance. Their armies were moreover provided with archers and with slingers.

"Infinite were the variety and magnificence of their military insignia. These offered—fixed one over the other along the poles of spears—eagles, figures of victory, laurel wreaths, banners, tablets inscribed with the initials of the republic and the number of the legion, *pateras* for libations, consecrated fillets, and other civil, military, and religious emblems.

"The poops of the Roman galleys had for ornament the *aplustrum*; their prows, spurs shaped like swords, with which they hit and destroyed those of the enemy.

"The architecture of the Romans was only that of the Greeks when on its decline,—that of the Greeks, divested of its primitive consistency, and breadth, and chastity. From the circumstance, however, of all the wealth and population of every other country flowing by degrees to Rome, certain descriptions of buildings, such as circuses, amphitheatres, triumphal arches, aqueducts, and baths, seem to have become not only more numerous but more splendid in that capital of the world than any that could be erected in the small republics of Greece. The temples also at Rome, from the greater variety of worships, assumed a greater diversity of shapes.

"The altars of the Romans, as well as those of the Greeks, displayed a vast variety both of purposes and forms. Some were intended for burning incense only; others for receiving libations of milk or of wine; others for consuming the first-fruits of the earth; others for the sacrificing of victims. Many were only meant for show, and erected in commemoration of some signal event, or in gratitude for some important benefit. Of these altars some were round, some triangular, some square. They displayed, by way of ornament, sculptured skulls of such animals and wreaths of such fruits and flowers as were consecrated to the deity which they served to worship, mixed with sacred fillets, instruments of sacrifice, inscriptions, bas reliefs, etc.

* The Roman weapons were of steel.

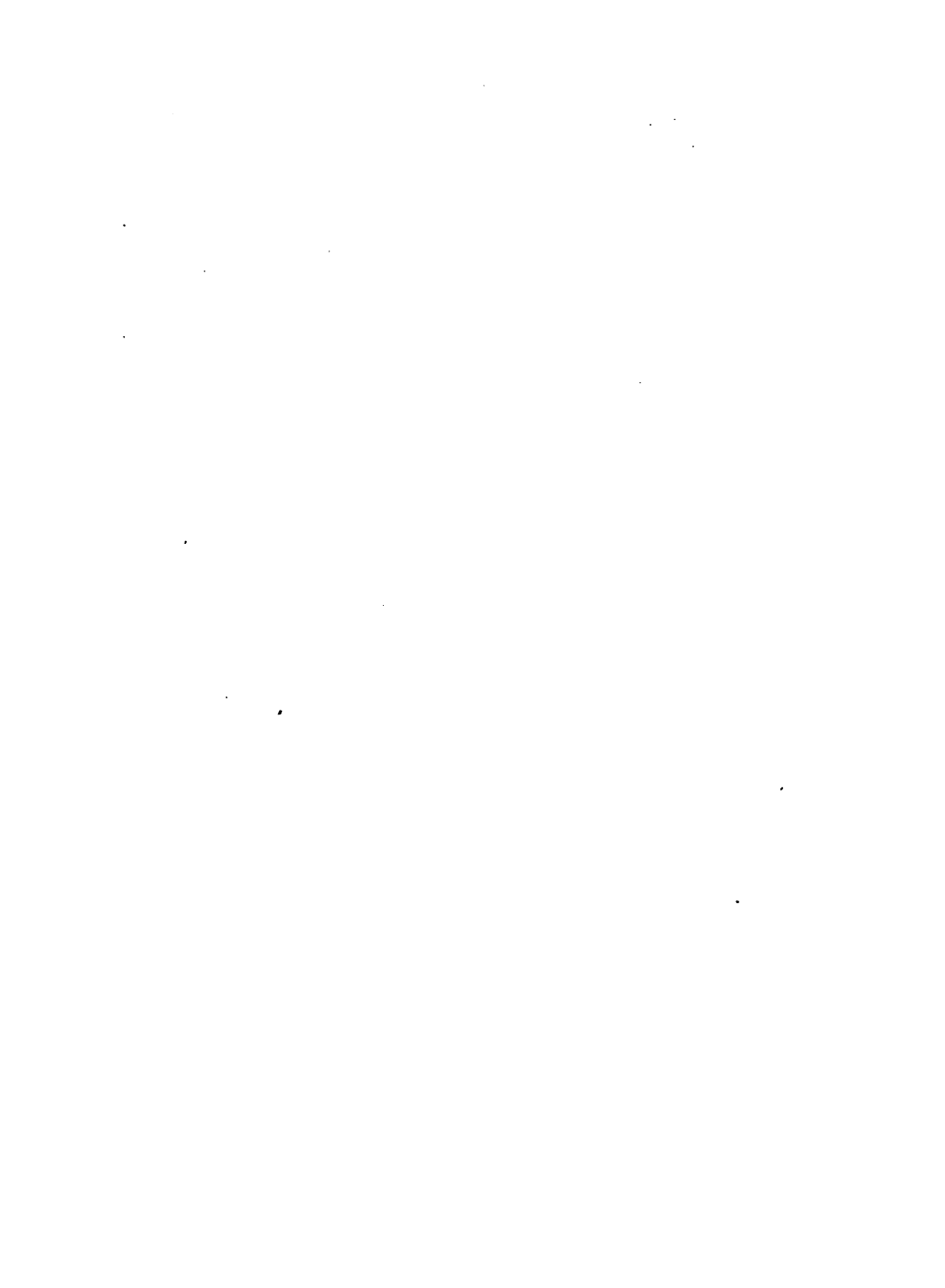
"Among the sacred instruments observable in the processions and sacrifices of the Romans may be numbered the pastoral staff which Romulus made use of to mark out the different districts of his new city, and which afterwards, under the name of *lituus*, became the distinctive badge of honour of the augurs, who used it in the same way to mark out the different regions of the heavens, when drawing their prognostics. This *lituus*, together with the basin containing the lustral water, the *aspergillum* to sprinkle it, the *simpulum* or ewer for holding the consecrated wine, the cotton fillets for adorning the horns of the victim, the axe for slaying, and the single and double knives for cutting it up, are frequently represented in bas reliefs.

"In the decoration and furniture of their houses the Romans were very sumptuous. Rich marbles and gay arabesques decorated the walls, elegant mosaic the floors of their apartments. On the ornaments of the triclinia or couches, on which they reclined at their feasts, they bestowed immense sums. The curule chairs or seats of state of the patricians were wrought in ivory; and prodigious is the number of beautiful utensils in marble and in bronze, richly chased and inlaid with silver, that have been found among the ruins of that comparatively insignificant provincial city, Pompeii. Natives of Greece seem at all times to have been employed to give and to execute the designs intended to display the taste and opulence of the Romans.

"The writing of these latter were contained in two different sorts of receptacles; namely, in rolls of papyrus or parchment, called *volumina*; and on tablets of box, ivory, or metal, called *codices*. When travelling they used to carry their manuscripts in a little round case, called *scrinium*."

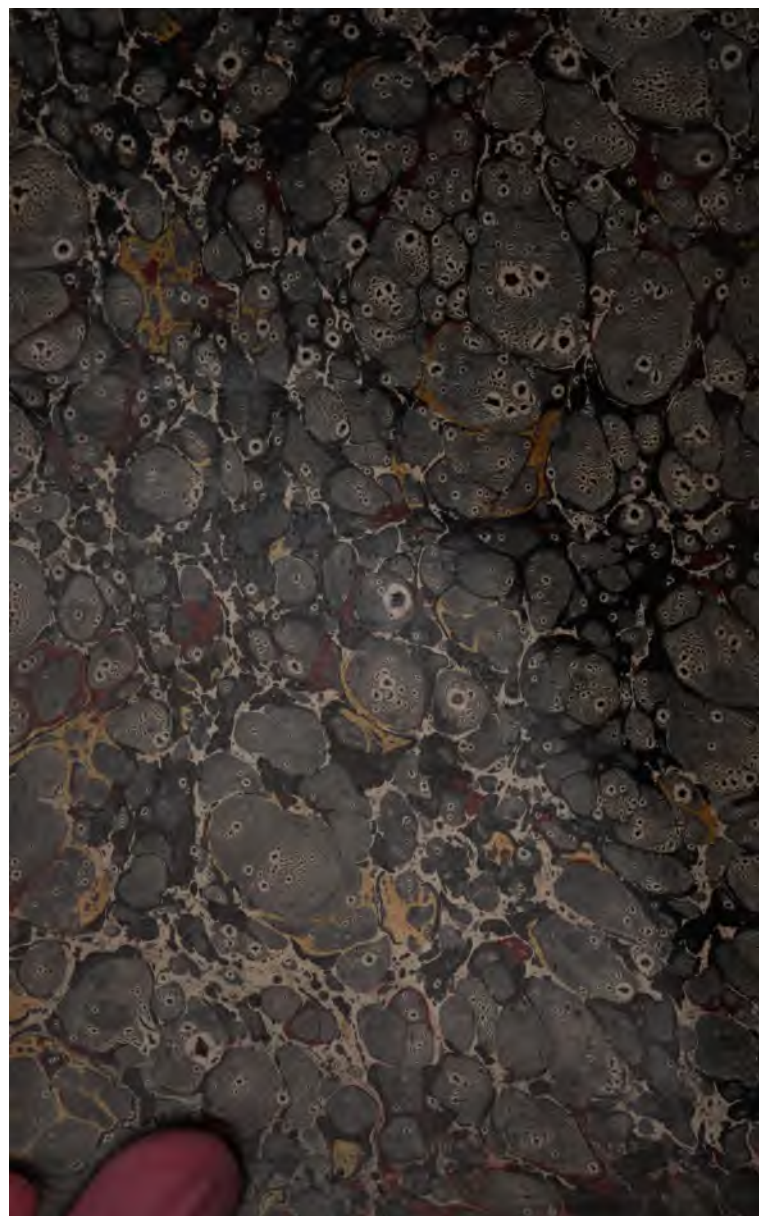












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